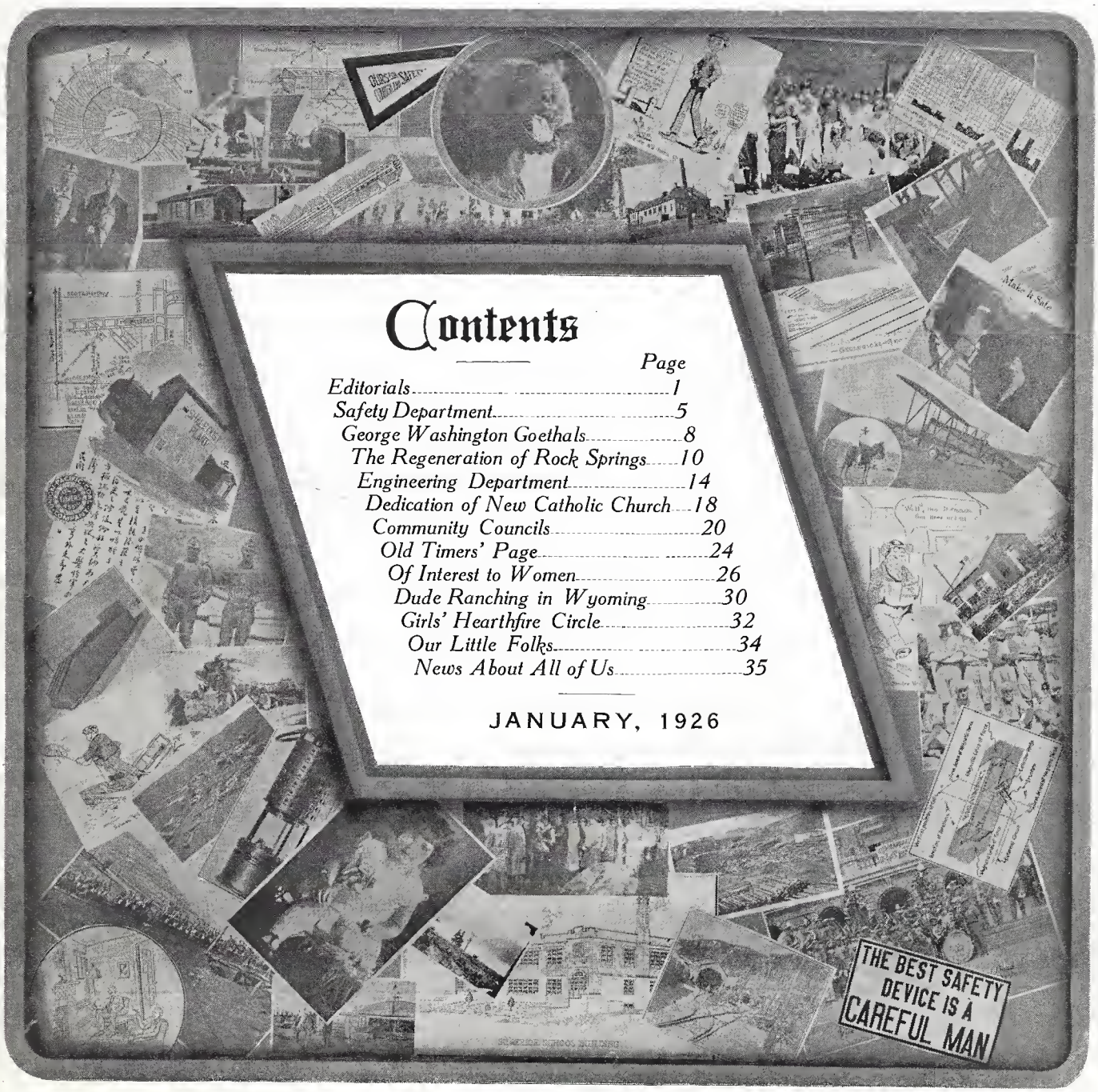
EMPLOYES' MAGAZINE

The Union Pacific Coal Company.
Washington Union Coal Company.



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JANUARY, 1926

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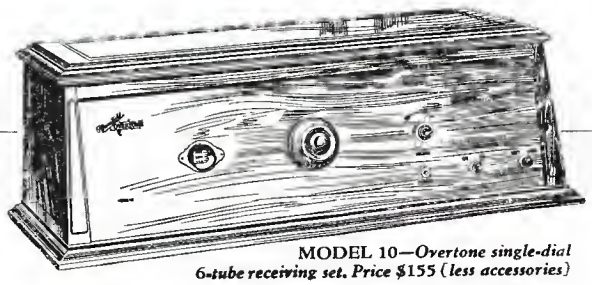

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EMPLOYES' MAGAZINE

THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY

WASHINGTON UNION COAL COMPANY

VOLUME 3 JANUARY, 1926 NUMBER 1

The Passing of 1925

WITH this, the January issue, the Employes' Magazine, well past the creeping age, steps boldly on its way toward a third year of helpful activity. Our cover design, while new, carries on its face many memories of the two preceding years which we feel have been so happy that we would not care to forget them too quickly; the paper and department headings also show improvement and we trust that the contents will continue to bear a certain element of human interest.

Among the outstanding items recorded in 1925 was the story of real progress made in the Boy and Girl Scout movement and the coming out of the Cumberland Band, a body of musicians so well trained and proficient as to lend glory to a town ten times the size of Cumberland.

The promotion and well nigh completion of the new Grade and Junior High School at Reliance; the completion of the new Eastern Orthodox Church and Father Shifferer's new Roman Catholic Church, both in Rock Springs; the extension made to the Community Church Building used by the Episcopalian and Latter Day Saints at Superior; the Catholic Mission Chapel at Winton, all mark progress, spirtual and educational; and two new modern bath houses at Mines "B" and "C", Superior, will add tone to those communities, making life easier and more pleasant; while the work towards safety in and about the mines has gone steadily on with a heavy expenditure of time and money on the part of the Company, the major return, expressed in fewer fatal and non-fatal accidents, represents a splendid record of achievement for the men who mine and handle the coal, all of whom have shown a deeper interest in safety work. The compilation of accidents on a man shift basis, the figures so obtained determining which group of mines best deserves the safety pennant awarded every six months, has proven a step forward, Cumberland (they of the band) capturing the first pennant awarded. The Cumberland boys likewise won in the local First Aid and Mine Rescue Contest work-out, winning the privilege of entering the International First Aid and Mine Rescue Contest held at Springfield, Illinois, September 10th to 12th last, coming home with third prize, no small feat when their competitors from the whole United States and Canada are correctly measured.

Space forbids the mention of a thousand creditable and helpful things accomplished, but none of those who were fortunate enough to be present will soon forget the two great gigantic heart throbs experienced in 1925; the first, the organization and first annual meeting of the Old Timers' Association, which took place June 13th, when two hundred and sixty-nine men, with over twenty years, and twenty-one men with more than forty years service, together with more than one hundred and fifty wives, daughters and friends sat down together at table, while speeches interspersed with music filled their ears. The second throb came with the departure of the nine old and well nigh wornout Chinese workers, who left Rock Springs the evening of December 11th for the long journey to their birthplaces in China. These old men, whose combined ages totaled six hundred and twenty-two years, and averaged sixty-nine years, had a total of three hundred and seven and an average of thirty-four years of service to their credit. Men of a strange alien race, coming into the community years gone, with a baptism of blood and suffering their reception, a situation that yet at times soils our Christian civilization, these old fellows, whose long lonesome lives were spent far from country and kindred, lived to win the real regard and affection of their white co-workers, and this through sheer loyalty to purpose, inherent kindliness, industry and morality.

The estimation in which these old men were held was well evidenced by the farewell reception given them the evening of their departure, and the endowment given them by the Coal Company will keep them through their remaining days in the lands of soft skies, lilies, rice paddies and pepper trees. Let us together, through high resolve, try to make 1926 an even better year than that which just passed out.

The EMPLOYES' MAGAZINE is a monthly publication devoted to the interests of the employes of THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY and WASHINGTON UNION COAL COMPANY, and their families, and is distributed to employes free of cost, subscription price to other than employes, $1.00 per year.

Articles of interest to our readers, photographs and sketches suitable for reproduction, are solicited and should be addressed to EDITOR, EMPLOYES' MAGAZINE, UNION PACIFIC COAL CO., ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING.

JESSIE McDIARMID, Editor.

When Will the Lesson Be Learned

AS the Employes' Magazine goes to the printer the day before Christmas, when all the civilized world is thinking, talking and preaching "peace on earth and good will toward all men," the Master's voice speaking through more than nineteen centuries, more than 600,000 men, women and children dependent upon the anthracite industry face discouragement, and in many cases real privation and want.

With the suspension of work on September 1st last, 150,000 men laid down their tools, and later negotiations ceased entirely, the condition which exists at this writing. Two press dispatches tell the pitiful story, the first from Wilkesbarre, dated December 23rd:

"Hardships, pestilence, privation and want—horsemen of war—ride havoc in the hard coal hills today.

"Families are being fed in bread lines, women and children are being doled out clothing, savings are being drained, schools are closing, hospitals have only a day's fuel ahead, buying has fallen off, precious coal is being bootlegged, like contraband, scarlet fever and measles scares have broken out in some districts—and Friday is Christmas.

"A careful investigation through the region where 150,000 anthracite miners have been out of work for fifteen weeks shows unbelievable conditions in the outlying poorer districts, and even the larger cities are hard hit.

"Evidence of conditions are given by responsible authorities in charge of relief, merchants, bankers, school superintendents and civic officials, despite denials of union leaders that there is any serious want.

"At Edwardsville, Mrs. Mary Ryan Bell has set up a soup kitchen and relief station. About 450 families are receiving aid, Mrs. Bell said.

"Superintendent of Schools Brennan of Dickson City, ordered forty baskets of food distributed to needy families. In one home a father of eight children was ill with tuberculosis and the mother too weak to leave the house. The coal bin and cupboard were empty."

There is but one answer to the question "How can mine labor troubles be avoided?" and that lies in the abandonment of the theory of strikes, labor to demand instead a law compelling the establishment of a governmental coal fact finding agency, all unsettled questions to be finally adjudicated before a board of mediation and conciliation, work to be carried on meanwhile.

The four great railroad labor organizations have subscribed to this plan, the President of the United States has endorsed it and the railroad executives have accepted it as workable and fair. The strike must go, it is as brutal and remorseless as the bombing of non-combatant women and children behind the lines, a crime that the civilized world cried out against in the last war.

From Scranton, dated December 24th, comes a cry from sixteen Catholic priests, men whose profession puts them in the most intimate touch with the very souls of their parishioners, a cry made doubly poignant by its coming at Christmas time.

"Sixteen Catholic clergymen, 'representing, in a pastoral capacity, 85 per cent of the miners of anthracite coal,' in letters to W. W. Inglis, chairman of the anthracite operators' negotiating committee, and John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, Wednesday night declared that the great majority of mine workers were 'tired of the present suspension, and wanted to return to work.'

"The letter stated that the miners 'want the authorized representatives of mine workers and operators to resume negotiations at once' and that in the event of their failure to reach an agreement 'both sides refer all disputed questions to impartial arbitration.'

"The letter was framed at a conference of the clergy of non-English speaking peoples of Luzerne and Lackawanna counties in Wilkes-Barre Tuesday. The priests asserted that their parishioners represented 85 per cent of all workers engaged in the coal mining industry.

Strike Conditions.

"After deploring the failure of the mine workers and operators 'to get together and reach an agreement,' the letter recited a statement of conditions brought about by the anthracite strike, itemizing 10 results, primarily among which are:

" 'An economic loss of millions of dollars to mine workers, operators and public from which recovery will be absolutely impossible.

" 'A national prejudice against the anthracite region.

" 'A loss of faith in the future prosperity of our region.

" 'Danger in loss of life among our men, women and little children among those least able to stand the conflict, much longer.

" 'A state of idleness that is producing demoralized citizenry.

" 'Public discouragement over the failure of mine workers and operators to promote a program of peace and prosperity in industry when nations of the world are working together for the prevention of international war.'

Want Work.

"The letter then proceeds in resolution form to call attention of mine workers, operators and the general public to the 'following statement of facts:

" 'That our intimate relationship with at least 85 per cent of mine workers, shows, despite any statement to the contrary, that the great majority of the mine workers are tired of the present suspension and want to return to work.

" 'That a large majority of the mine workers want the authorized representatives of both mine workers and operators to resume negotiations at once without ceremony or influence as they have on other occasions to equalize wages in the anthracite industry and to settle all other questions at issue.

" 'That in the event of the representatives of both mine workers and operators failing to agree on questions in dispute that both sides refer all disputed questions to impartial arbitration the board of which shall be selected in a manner agreeable to mine workers, and operators.' "

The Last Four Mine Disasters

FROM time to time the Employes' Magazine has reviewed briefly the major accidents occurring in neighboring coal fields.

On November 27th, while three miners were making up cartridges in the Columbia Mine near Bicknell, Indiana, preparatory to shooting time, a keg of black powder exploded, severely burning the three men as well as two courageous rescuers, Edmund Capon and August

Boury. Detailed information as to just how the accident originated is lacking—black powder and open lights, with perhaps smoking materials, make, however, the usual stage setting for scenes of this sort.

On December 10th, at 10:30 A. M., the Overton No. 2 Mine of the Alabama Fuel and Iron Co., located eleven miles from Birmingham, Alabama, exploded, kiling fifty-two men. The mine, a slope driven down three thousand feet into the Bragg and Glass Seams, was said to have been well managed and maintained, permissible explosives and electric cap lamps used, no electric cables located where the explosion started. The mine was said to have been sprinkled but not rock dusted, withal there was a cause or there would have not been an explosion. Press reports suggest an accumulation of gas set off by a workman.

The third accident happened in the Wilkeson Coal and Coke Co. Mine at Wilkeson, Washington, on December 14th, five dead and one severely burned the toll taken as reported in the daily press. Thirty men were in the mine at 8:30 A. M. when the accident occurred, and the only report of cause available is that published as the statement of the man who was burned, who is quoted as saying:

> "The explosion occurred Monday morning about 8:30. I fired the charge which preceded the explosion. We had just placed a charge of dynamite under a 'niggerhead,' a sulphur ball, and had stepped back about 60 feet. There was no gas in the mine then, so it must have been a little dust in the air that caused the explosion."

From Bellaire, Ohio, comes the news of the fourth tragedy, involving nine deaths, brought about by a mine fire which broke out shortly after midnight December 23rd, and after the night shift entered the mine. Sixty-eight men escaped through an unused opening.

From press despatches we gather that—

> "A short circuit, caused when a boulder severed an electric conduit, started the blaze which ignited wooden framework of the main tunnel.
>
> "Flames and dense clouds of smoke quickly penetrated the arteries of the mine, extinguishing lights and trapping the panic stricken miners.
>
> "The nine asphyxiated or burned to death were caught in a pocket near the blaze and all means of escape was cut off. The bodies were recovered."

We have reviewed the four accidents as supporting the principle that in intelligent management, eternal vigilance and the unqualified obedience to safety rules, lies the only way out.

Safety Results in 1925

AS the Employes' Magazine goes to the printer we pause to sum up the fatalities suffered during the year 1925.

In our Wyoming mines four fatal accidents occurred, with one at Tono, Washington. As compared with thirteen deaths in 1921; eight in 1922; sixteen in 1923 and nine in 1924; the results for 1925 in Wyoming look encouraging. Again, when we review the appalling list of violent deaths occurring outside the mines, six Wyoming employes killed in automobile accidents, one murdered and one a suicide, we pause to wonder what is the real value of a human life. Apparently it is not falls of rock or explosion that leads in the life taking toll in our mining communities, rather is it the automobile, a source of comfort and convenience when properly driven, a veritable juggernaut when mixed with bootlegging product.

Looking back over the conditions surrounding the death of the five men, candor compels the statement that the death of at least two of these men, both young, with the prospects of long useful lives before them, could have been foreseen and avoided—they both died because of our failure as managers to see that the thirty-inch track clearance recently adopted in our Book of Standards was maintained. It is well to recognize the fact that while some men working in mines elect to commit suicide, a certain portion of the deaths which occur could and must be charged to management. One death occurred by failure to keep away from shots (which failed to go off) for the period of twenty minutes required by the rules, but here again the burden of educating the men rests with the management. Two deaths occurred from falls of roof, one seemed to be the result of conditions, that while anticipated and presumably protected against, did after all unfortunately happen, the other can without prejudice be charged to the individual's refusal to obey safety instructions, clearly and definitely expressed and not unreasonable in character.

Summing up the year's results carefully and impartially will lead to but one conclusion, that four out of the five deaths could have been avoided if sufficient foresight and care had been used. The writer has the deep and abiding belief that less than ten per cent of the mine fatalities which occur can be charged wholly to the victim, on the other hand, we hold the definite opinion that there is a mutuality of responsibility that extends to every man connected with the company from the President down and through to the end. The question is this: Are you, the President, General Manager, General Superintendent, Superintendent, Foreman and Worker, doing your full part by cooperating to reduce accidents, fatal and non-

fatal? If you in the past have shown even a semblanee of doubt as to your responsibilities toward the matter of safety, should not a resolution to aeeept and earry out your full obligation head your list of pledges for the New Year before us?

Our Monthly Biographical Review

ELSEWHERE will be found a sketeh of the work and eharaeter of General George W. Goethals, builder of the Panama Canal, this the first of a series to be published monthly during the year.

Mention is made in the Goethal's artiele of the Sunday morning forum opening at 10 A. M. and elosing at 1 P. M., an informal eourt where every overladen soul, black or white, eould unfold their soul burnings.

We reeall the General telling about some of the complaints made to him as we walked over the foundation work of the Pedro Miguel Loeks several years ago and shortly after the work was started, the rain pouring down in torrents while the sun shone overhead, seintillating rainbows radiating toward every point of the eompass, the General earrying, folded under his left arm, a huge umbrella made of very eoarse stuff, not attempting to raise it though 4.26 inehes of water was reeorded as falling in twenty minutes at the Loeks that afternoon.

Shouting through the water that eataraeted down upon us, he spoke of the Sunday morning meetings and the people who eame to reeite to the Chief their worldly woes rather than to carry their spiritual misgivings to ehureh. I have often thought that these meetings, with a wonderful mixture of eomplainants, embraeing well dressed English speaking women from the states, native Panamanians, (or "Spigotys" as the Amerieans ealled them), British West India negroes who spoke in a soft sibilant voiee, the French speaking negro from Martinique, and last but not least troublesome, the proud Basque from the Highlands of Spain, who was given double the wage paid the natives and who therefore would not ride in the same ear with him.

We well reeall the General's water submerged smile as he told of Mrs. Steam Shovel Engineer, who demanded as many rooms as Mrs. Loeomotive Engineer, beeause her "husband drew down as mueh money and besides there would not be any railroad men if it were not for the Steam Shovel Engineers." Next he reeited the woes of the drab little woman who wanted eurtains or a better oil stove, or that her immediate neighbor be made to keep her Johnnie from imposing on the eomplainant's Tommy, and so on until the story of the sorrows poured out at the Jewish wailing post of old faded into eomparative insignifieance, homesickness, the most depressing disease in the world, at the bottom of it all. From others I learned that a few questions from the General quiekly brought the facts, then a promise of betterment noted by his seeretary (and onee made always fulfilled) or otherwise, a short but kindly reason for the eondition suffieed, this homely little eourt room a tremendous faetor behind the slogan "More Dirt." I am sure the General himself enjoyed these Sunday morning meetings, eonduoted with the simplieity and fairness that characterize the make-up of all really great men.

Two New Churches and a Woman's Building

THE current issue of the Employes' Magaziue includes a picture of the new Catholic Mission Church recently opened at Winton.

Work is under way toward the rearrangement of a similar building at Superior for church purposes to be used by Rev. J. V. Tkoch, Rector of the Eastern Christian Orthodox Church, and a third building is being prepared at Winton for the use of the Women's Club and Girl Scouts, the last mentioned building to be restricted to the use of the ladies and young girls, who will be privileged, however, to make use of same for Sabbath School purposes.

From Here and There

Such People are Often Great Arguers: If you want to hear a fine argument about capital and labor, listen to arguers who never had anything to do with either.
—Toronto Telegram.

We Live in a Speed Age: In the old days if anybody missed a stage coach, he was content to wait two or three days for the next. Now he lets out a squawk if he misses one section of a revolving door.
—Fort William Times Journal.

Including Sharks and Suckers: Now we are told by a scientist that great subterranean deposits of fish in prehistoric ages are the sole source of the petroleum we get from the ground nowadays. The petroleum industry's indebtedness to fish, prehistoric and modern, is assuming amazing proportions.—Kansas City Star.

In the Good Old Days: In the old days very few men got the idea into their heads that their horses were fast enough to beat a train to a crossing.
—Toronto Globe.

Riches

The greater our wealth, the greater our dangers.
—Aristotle.

When a poor man is suddenly enriched he becomes luxurious.
—St. Anthony

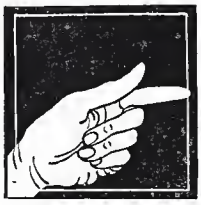
It is the mind of man that makes him rich, and not his purse.
—Sibbes.

Riches are acquired with difficulty, enjoyed with trembling, and lost with bitterness.
—St. Bernard.

He who is not inflated by wealth, nor rendered angry or covetous by misfortune, knows how to accept both riches and poverty.
—St. Gregory.

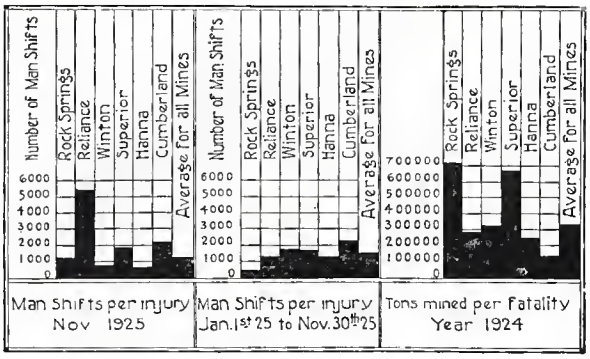
A big man is big enough to change his mind.

He is a wise man who knows how to criticise kindly.
—A Sermon.



SAFETY

November Accident Graph



AGAIN, as in the preceding three months, our accident graph shows a high injury rate. While it is true there was a decrease of one accident compared with October, there was also a decrease of nearly 4,000 shifts worked, so that it remains as an actual increase in the injuries recorded.

There were no accidents of a serious nature nor from which the injured man will not speedily recover.

For the current month, Reliance, with but one accident and 5,453 man shifts, is at the head of the list, and Hanna, with 10 injuries and 6,359 man shifts, is at the foot of the class.

Minor injuries from falls of roof coal and rock were very few this month, cars and haulage accidents being in the majority.

With the closing of the December records, the mining district showing the best record for the six month period July 1 to December 31, 1925, will be awarded the Safety Penuant to fly on their flag-pole for the ensuing half year.

A Few November Mishaps

Driver—Was re-railing car, using jack. Had lifted the car up and was attempting to block it, when jack slipped and his foot was caught beneath car.

Machine Runner—Was unloading mining machine and as machine was pulled from truck it dropped upon his foot.

Loader supervisor—Attempted to step across haulage rope while it was in motion. Rope slipped off block, striking him on foot, causing contusion of instep.

Rope runner—Was coupling a trip on curve of entry parting. As he was about to make coupling, the cars derailed, catching arm between two cars, severely bruising it.

Inside Laborer—Was cleaning coal from crosscut. A piece of coal fell from rib, and in attempting to avoid it he fell down. Coal rolled upon him, bruising leg and ankle.

Miner—Was lifting large chunk of coal upon car and caught his hand between hook on end of car and piece of coal.

Shot Firer—Had shot two holes in a pillar working upon which there was considerable weight and some squeeze. While returning to fire the third shot, a piece of coal flew from rib, causing an abrasion of cheek.

Hoisting Engineer—While holding a rail that trackmen were cutting, a small piece of steel flew from cutter, striking him in eye.

Miner—While passing between car and rib, a piece of coal fell from rib, striking him on arm and leg.

Loader—A piece of loose rock falling from roof struck him on leg, causing contusion and sprain of knee.

Tippleman—His left leg was injured when caught between bumpers of two cars.

Driver—Was using jack to rerail motor. While lowering motor his hand was caught between the handle and the jack, causing severe lacerations with fracture of two fingers.

Miner—Was carrying his drills down room. In some manner, he slipped and fell striking arm and spraining wrist.

Miner—Was loading a car. While placing large chunk of coal, in some manner caught his finger between coal and the car.

Loader—Was running a loaded car down his working place. In placing a sprag, he caught foot between rail and car, bruising foot.

Driver—Was coupling cars of motor trip. The motor backed up and he was squeezed between two cars. Injuries about the chest.

Machine Man—While loading his machine on truck his bit clutch went into gear, causing the cutter chain to start. An iron bar, nearby, was caught by cutter chain and he was struck on left hip.

Work of The U. S. Bureau of Mines Experiment Station at Bruceton, Pennsylvania

By J. A. Smith, Safety Engineer

SHORTLY after the formation of the Bureau of Mines as a separate Bureau, apart from the Technological branch of the Geological Survey, of which they formerly were a part, the need was felt of a suitable location for an experimental mine or gallery where the various problems confronting the coal industry could be tested from a practical standpoint and under conditions more similar to those that would be met in actual underground operations.

A small tract of land, 60 acres, was fortunately soon secured. This piece was ideally located, both from a geographic and a topographic standpoint. Situated in a small valley near Bruceton, Pennsylvania, about thirteen miles southeast of Pittsburgh, in the heart of a mining district with the coal seam outcrop coming to the surface, with directly opposite the proposed location of the drift mouth a high hill that would serve as a buffer for any explosion that might travel outside. A better location could scarcely be found. The experimental mine consists of two parallcled level entries driveu ou the coal seam, each entry being 1300 feet long. One pair of butt entries, with eight rooms turned, has been turned to the left. From this entry the coal necessary to operate the boilers of the mine is secured.

The coal seam is overlain with a fairly solid shale and the mine is concreted and guuited practically its entire length in order to withstand the severe concussions and pressures resulting from the many explosions. All experiments are conducted in the last three hundred and fifty feet of the main entries.

Showing a concentrated barrier, charged and in position for trial in entry.

It is so arranged that with a large cannon blown out shots of black powder can be simulated. An easily accessible local supply of illuminating gas makes it possible to conduct tests with any desired percentage of methane (fire-damp) present.

When a sample of coal is received and the explosibility of the dust is to be determined, there are made two series of standard tests, the first series called ignition tests and the second series propagation tests. The ignition tests are made to determine the minimum percentage of coal dust, when mixed with shale or other inert dust, that can be ignited with blown out shots, local explosions of gas, and blown out shots in the presence of atmospheres containing varying amounts of methane. The propagation tests are made under similar circumstances and determine the extent that an explosion would travel, under varying conditions, after the gas and dust have once been ignited.

Located in heavily protected concrete shelter holes, along the entry ribs are many ingenious instruments by which the results of an explosion can be studied. By means of photographic plates and self-recording automatic instruments the distance and speed that the flame traveled and the pressures attained at all parts of the test zone can be measured.

To date this mine has been exploded over eight hundred times by coals from all sections of the United States, the experiments having been so extensive and from so many different coal seams that now practically any coal operator can tell, by consulting the bulletins and publications of the Bureau, just what percentage of shale is required to render their coal dusts harmless.

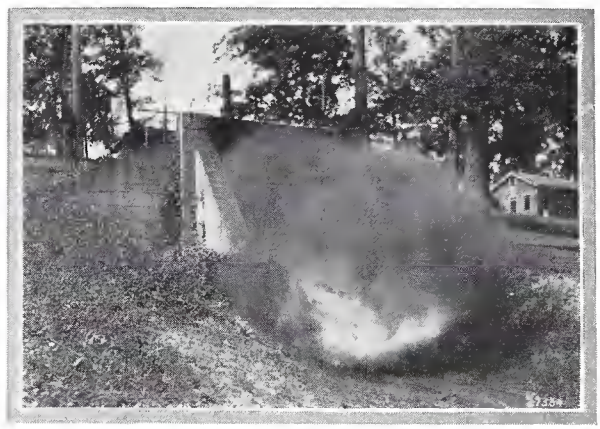
Cannon at face of entry and debris scattered in entry after a test explosion.

In addition to the explosive tests, of course, a great deal of additional experimenting is done and a large amount of scientific data obtained. Along these lines, there has recently been conducted numerous experiments with rock dust barriers to obtain information concerning under what conditions these barriers will trip and discharge their contents and under what conditions the flame could pass under or through the barriers and still have sufficient flame and velocity to propogate an explosion.

Recently tests were made with batteries of "V" trough barriers, built according to The Union Pacific Coal Company's standards. While enough experimenting has not been done so that the Bureau of Mines can give their stamp of approval or disapproval to this type of barrier, it may be interesting to know that in a test explosion, with relatively low speeds and pressures, thirteen out of sixteen barriers discharged their contents in such a manner that the flame was stopped fifty to eighty feet beyond the barrier.

Here at the Bruceton mine are also conducted the tests to determine the permissibility of powders.

It was recently the writer's good fortune to be present at the experimental mine and view thirteen tests when a sample of coal taken from No. 4 Mine, Hanna, was investigated to determine its explosive possibilities and the means to be taken to lessen the hazards. These tests were run under varying conditions, each test being different in some respect from its predecessor.



Flame and smoke emerging from portal of Experimental Mine, following a test explosion.

Briefly summarized, it was found that the Hanna coal dust is extremely explosive. While somewhat harder to ignite than the Rock Springs coal, probably due to a higher water content, once ignited it propogates readily and violent explosions result. It was also found that mixtures of 65 per cent shale rendered the coal dust inert and explosions could neither be ignited nor propagated. It was further determined that when the dust contained 10 per cent added moisture that it was rendered inexplosive.

Needless to say the experimental work being done by the Bureau of Mines at this station is rendering an immense amount of valuable data to the existing information regarding the lessening of hazards in coal mining. It is a wonder that more advantage is not taken of its work and its possibilities by the operators from all portions of America. Scarcely a month passes that does not witness the arrival of some investigator from foreign lands to study their methods and results of their work. The old adage that "a prophet is only without credit in his own country" is attested by a perusal of the visitors' register, which brings out the fact that probably more of its visitors are from a distance of 2000 miles than those who live within a 200-mile trip of the station.

An Appeal in Behalf of Wives and Children

By A Worker

IN attempting to write an appeal for a greater interest in the First Aid movement, I am conscious of my own limited training and base my right to appeal to you on the understanding of conditions that might arise when a knowledge of First Aid would save a life.

I do not feel that I am betraying a confidence when I call the attention of all members of the U. M. W of A. to a clause in your obligation that binds you, on your honor as a man, to keep as long as life remains, "To help and assist all brothers in adversity." What greater assistance could you render a fellow worker than First Aid to the injured? Is he not in adversity when injured? Are you not upon your honor as a man obligated to assist him? Can you fulfill your obligation if you have failed to embrace the opportunity to become a proficient First Aid worker?

From another view point, we will suppose your fellow worker has a wife and family. He is injured, perhaps a severed artery. This training would have given to you a knowledge that would have enabled you to stop the gushing blood. You have not had this training. You rush madly to find some one who has taken the training. Your buddy's life blood is ebbing away. You return with a First Aid man—too late—your buddy is no more. You could have saved him.

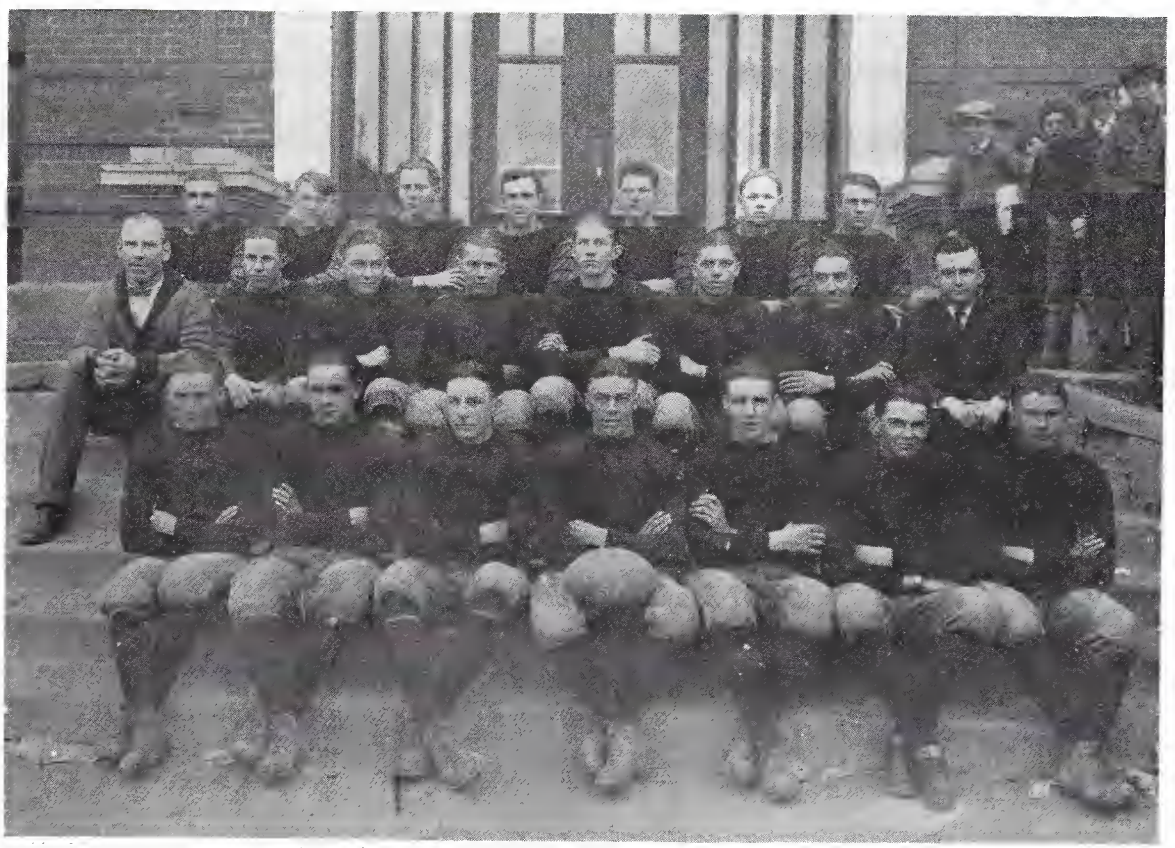
If you are a man with a heart and a soul, from that day on, should you live a hundred years, your heart will bleed, your life will be a nightmare, awake or asleep you will see a face in agony, his life blood gushing, mixing with the litter on the floor of a coal mine. His wife and children—fatherless—husbandless—maybe hungry—perhaps cold, sick and unprotected because you had failed in your obligation. You had not kept the Faith.

If you are not the sort I have attempted to paint in a word picture, possibly you care not for your buddy's life or any other fellow's buddy, just a plain selfish fellow with no sense of the gravity of a solemn obligation. Perhaps you think of yourself first, last and all the time. If so, you have overlooked a bet if you have not taken First Aid training. In the event of an injury to yourself, providing you are conscious, you may render First Aid to yourself or direct an untrained fellow-worker, thereby possibly saving your own precious hide.

In writing as I have done, I am only attempting to write as I feel, and I trust that every wife and mother of a mine worker that reads my appeal will insist that her husband or son will take First Aid training and that he in turn will insist upon his buddy doing likewise.

To you, my fellow mine worker, I say you owe that to your family when you assumed an obligation to love, cherish, honor and protect.

Think it over! I hope it sinks in. Cuss me if you will, but become a First Aid worker and boost it along.



Rock Springs High School Football team, Champions Southwestern district.

From left to right—top row: Ribovich, Hensala, Guy, Davis, Lewis, Malo, Angelovich.
Second row: F. O'Neil (Coach), Harrigan, Dickinson, Sturholm, Downer, Kraft, Patterson, T. J. Kelly (Principal).
Third row: Daniels, Murphy, Simerl, Fedrizzi, Cuthbertsen, Uram, Bonomo.

George Washington Goethals

The Builder of the Panama Canal, or the "Prophet Engineer"

DURING the war I met a woman who held a position of tremendous importance in our army. She was a little New England-born woman who had lived abroad for years. She was noticeably fragile in those days when physical perfections and physical endurance seemed so essential. But she knew the countries of the Allies perfectly, their language, customs, civil and military courtesies and once, telling how she came to have studied so many languages, she said: "All my life I've been preparing to give just this service to my country."

Reading about Goethals, the builder of the Panama Canal, I couldn't help but recall her statement because it would seem that all his life he had been preparing for just this tremendous service; prepared in technical training and huge engineering tasks, but prepared as well in pioneering spirit and mental and character qualities as balanced and strength-giving and fine as his task was gigantic.

Contrast, if you will, the statement of President Lowell of Harvard University, when conferring on him the honarary degree of L. L. D. "George Washington Goethals, a soldier who has set a standard for the conduct of civic works; an administrator who has maintained security and order among multitudes of workmen in the tropics; an engineer who has completed the vast design of uniting the oceans through a peak in Darien," with his humble childhood, the son of Holland immigrants who Americanized their name from Goet Hals to Goethals. And then follow him further.

George Washington, as these Hollanders, in patriotic devotion to their adopted country, called their son, began work as an errand boy in a broker's office at the age of eleven. At fourteen he entered the College of the City of New York and at night and on Saturday he worked as cashier and bookkeeper in a market for five dollars a week. When he was twenty-two he graduated from the Military Academy at West Point, ranking Second in a class of fifty-four men. He studied in the Engineering School of Application at Willetts Point for two years. Then he was Chief Engineer on government work in the Department of Columbia, which includes the States of Idaho, Washington and Oregon, for two years and in charge of dikes and dams on the Ohio River for one year, after which he was engaged as assistant instructor and professor in civil and military engineering at West Point. Five years were spent in government duty in Tennessee, and the four years following as Assistant Chief Engineer of the United States Army. When the Spanish war began he was made Chief Engineer of the First Army Corps and went to Porto Rico. In the fall of 1900 he was promoted to the rank of major and ordered to Newport, R. I., to take charge of river and harbor fortifications. It is said that he regretted these frequent changes and would have preferred "to stay on the job until the day of results." But the variety doubtless better fitted him for the great achievement of his life, in which he did "stay on the job until the day of results."

But with this technical engineering training, theoretical and practical, in many fields should we not see too, his large endowment of mental, spiritual and character qualities that made for success. General J. M. Wilson, one of his earlier superiors, indicates the thoroughness with which he did all his work by saying: "Whatever I gave him to do I relieved my mind of at once, I knew it would be done right." Goethals is quoted as saying: "The Canal will build itself if we can handle the men." And as day by day, during the progress of the Canal building he went from place to place, inspecting the work, it was his habit to greet every man, woman and child he met, white and black. Many of them he called by name. In friendly fashion he would talk over the work with the men and he so inspired them that they worked harder and better because he had been with them. His words are significant and give the key to these actions: "To successfully accomplish anything it is necessary, not only that you shall give it the best that is in you, but that you should obtain for it the best that there is in those under your guidance." The result of his treatment of them was that the men were ready to give the best they had for him because he believed in them and they believed in him. This is the citizen leader not the army leader, and takes a man with real leadership qualities of character as well as of personality. One biographer, writing of him, says that he was as fair as mortal man could be, and recorded testimony from his employes shows this: "He talked the whole thing over with me and when we got through I

saw that I had no grievance. Oh, he's square, I tell you." "He talks things out and doesn't dodge." Someone else, writing from the Canal, says: "While he keeps his eye on the matter in hand, it doesn't shut out a glimpse of the things of yesterday and tomorrow. That's why he's so reasonable and why his men will follow where he leads." He told his men: "We are all working together for a common cause and are all alike wage-earners." One of his engineers said: "The Colonel not only gave time and thought to the things that kept us contented and fit, but he always had time for everybody who felt he wanted a word with him. The man who was handling the biggest job in the world nevertheless seemed to think it worth while to consider the little troubles of each man who came along." That song they used to sing in the Panama is enlightening for many reasons:

"Don't hesitate to state your case, the boss will hear you through;
It's true he's sometimes busy, and has other things to do,
But come on Sunday morning and line up with the rest,—
You'll maybe feel some better with that grievance off your chest.

See Colonel Goethals, Tell Colonel Goethals
It's the only right and proper thing to do
Just write a letter, or even better,
Arrange a Sunday interview."

Colonel Goethals himself said of these interviews: "Of course some of the things are trivial and even absurd, but if somebody thinks his affair is important it is—to him. And he feels better when he's had it out; and if it makes the people any happier in their exile to have this court of appeal, that is not a thing to be despised. Besides, first and last, I come to understand many things that are really important—from any point of view."

So then we have this master engineer unconsciously prepared for the mighty task which lay waiting for a man great enough to face with courage and commanding mind—will too, the biggest engineering job in the whole world—the digging of the Panama Canal.

Ever since Columbus made his four voyages in the vain hope of finding a waterway between the West and the East, ever since Balboa "silent upon a peak in Darien" gazed out over (we're scared to say which) ocean, it had seemed as if man must be able to make for himself a path for his ships across the narrow barrier of land that nature had left there apparently as a challenge to his powers. For centuries men of different nations — Spain, France, Columbia and the United States—made surveys and considered various routes for a canal, but when they came face to face with the stupendousness of the project, the tropical jungle and features of the engineering problem put an end to their hopes before they started.

However, when the Suez Canal was completed by a French canal company it seemed as if Count de Lesseps, the hero of this enterprise, might well be the man to undertake this task also. The story of the failure of this elderly and brilliant man is a tale by itself with the loss of private savings by thousands of his thrifty countrymen; the retreat of the French forces, abandoned work and workers and the purchase of the less than a quarter of the canal, with all the equipment, by the American government for forty million dollars, closed the public side of the story and French participation.

But the completion of the canal is "another story." An Isthmian Canal Commission had been appointed by President Roosevelt in March, 1904, with John T. Wallace as Chief Engineer of the Canal. He was succeeded by John T. Stevens. When in 1907 Colonel Goethals took hold, valuable preparatory work had been done. American civilization had been introduced into a tropical jungle, disease had been overcome, and in the doing of this latter much scientific medical and sanitation knowledge given to the world, thus making it possible for the job itself to proceed and to be completed so that the first vessel passed through the Gatun locks on September 26th, 1913.

So then, this man, born in Brooklyn of immigrant parents, completed the greatest engineering task of the age, was a giant of accomplishment, prepared for his task, not less perhaps by his wonderful technical training than by his finely developed mental and character qualities.

Percy MacKaye has effectively described his achievement in the following lines:

"A man went down to Panama
Where many a man had died,
To slit the sliding mountains
And lift the eternal tide;
A man stood up in Panama
And the mountains stood aside."

The Regeneration of Rock Springs

THE certain day when Rock Springs emitted its first infantile cry is in a sense lost to history. Blairtown long abandoned, the location of which is now within Rock Springs, won the first post office and railway station, but like many similar first locations it quickly recognized the growing advantage of the rival community. The records of The Union Pacific Coal Company credit Rock Springs with loading 365 tons of coal in the year 1868. Number One Mine came in as a substantial producer in 1871 and on the output and quality of Number One, the village rode into place, the output not only sufficing to protect the demands of the little eight-wheel locomotives with huge bonnet-like smoke-stacks then in use, but likewise it served to keep warm the settlers then moving rapidly into the great plains country.

Through the years Bitter Creek wiggled, wormed and squirmed its shifting way through the heart of the village, and though its spring floods bore resemblance to the turbid Tiber, the early settlers, from dearth of money and material wherewith to build, dug into its sheltering banks as a protection against wintry blasts, moving out when forced by spring and midsummer floods. In the meantime the village grew in wealth and population; churches, banks, newspapers, and lodges, with imposing brick and stone buildings came, until the village, now a city of 8,000, realized that it enjoyed the doubtful notoriety of being the largest city in the United States devoid of any system of sanitary sewerage. The dugouts that lined the banks of the creek persisted, and with the hunger for land that has always possessed the human race, those who in the beginning sought the shelter of the creek bank, gradually seized upon the channel, building and filling, until the flood conditions which are shown in the picture taken on April 8th, 1924, came to pass. Impressed with the dual hazard of floods and pestilence, the creek, an open sewer smelling to heaven during the long dry season, the citizens of Rock Springs bestirred themselves to lay the first foundation of a real city with sewerage and drainage.

In the succeeding months of 1924, the City Engineer, aided by engineers assigned by the Union Pacific Railroad and The Union Pacific Coal Companies, undertook the preliminary surveys looking to a definite program for:

(a) The installation of a complete sanitary sewer system.
(b) The division of the channel of Bitter Creek around the city, this channel being detoured from a point on Rainbow Avenue to a point west of Elk Street, where it again joins the original Bitter Creek channel.
(c) The extension of the storm sewer from the Elk Street bridge west.
(d) The further extension of what is known as the storm ditch, which formerly emptied into old Bitter Creek in the vicinity of the coal chutes.
(e) The filling of the old channel of Bitter Creek from the point where the diversion channel started to the Elk Street bridge.

Each of these sections in itself was one complete job and required great skill on the part of the engineers and contractor to plan and carry it out successfully.

On March 22, 1925, the question of deciding upon an issue of $170,000 in general improvement bonds was carried by a large majority, and later local improvement bonds in the additional sum of $255,000 were authorized, and on May 18th various contractors from widely separated portions of the country appeared before the City Council, the Wheelwright Construction Company of Ogden awarded the contract.

Then came one of the frequent grievious delays, litigation inspired by a small minority, that all similar projects seem doomed to suffer, the courts deciding in favor of the position taken by the majority of the citizens, this litigation, however, delaying the actual beginning of work until July first, necessitating some two per cent of the work being carried over until the spring of 1926.

The officers of the Wheelwright Construction Company at the time the bid was accepted were: G. M. Wheelwright, President and Treasurer; John Wheelwright, Vice President (recently deceased); G. H. Malan, Secretary and Manager, and Frank Parrott, Superintendent in charge of work. The City Officials at the time of the initiation of this work were as follows: P. C. Bunning, Mayor; Charles Durham, Joseph McTee, Thos. W. James, Matt Steffensen, Harry G. Parker and Hugh Morgan, Councilmen; Fred Johnson, City Attorney; Ellis Hudman, City

Loading dirt with the drag line.

Drag line excavating for new diversion channel.

Bitter Creek romping through the heart of Rock Springs in April, 1924.

Engineer, and Geo. F. Prince of Omaha, Consulting Engineer; Mr. Prince dying in Denver in December, 1925.

When the joint board of engineers began the consideration of the problems confronting them, careful surveys costing months of labor were undertaken, and it was decided that Bitter Creek Channel should be put back in the location it left ages gone, in the North Side of the City, the old channel to be filled up, necessitating the changes of surface drainage set forth above, and though it had been a generally accepted theory for a number of years that the topography of the ground offered serious obstacles to a sewerage system, the engineers decided that such were more imaginary than real. The enumeration of the principal items in the work accomplished will prove of interest:

New Bitter Creek Channel—Length 3580 feet; bottom width 36 feet; average depth 14 feet; amount of material removed approximately 75,000 cubic yards. The new channel provides a new waterway for Bitter Creek and removes it from its old course through the city.

Storm Ditch Extension—Length of concrete lined storm ditch 1120 feet; bottom width 22 feet; depth 8 feet; amount of material excavated approximately 17,000 cubic yards; amount of concrete used 1135 cubic yards; amount of reinforcing steel used 66,700 pounds.

Storm Sewer Extension—150 feet of reinforced concreate storm sewer 5 feet in diameter to extend the present storm sewer under the South Pass Branch of the railroad.

Sewer System—22.2 miles of sewer in new sanitary sewer system; 17.6 miles constructed during 1925; largest size pipe 18 inches; smallest size pipe 8 inches, all concrete tile pipe; 260 manholes; 173 lampholes; deepest trench 23 feet; the sanitary sewer system provides sewerage for whole city; sewer discharges into Bitter Creek about one mile below the town.

Reinforced Concrete Box Culvert Under Railroad Tracks—Length 160 feet; two 7'x10' openings; amount of concrete used 775 cubic yards; amount of reinforcing steel used 123,500 pounds; amount of material excavated 3,500 cubic yards. The culvert under the railroad tracks and the storm ditch extension provide a waterway for storm water from the old No. 2 canyon storm ditch to the entrance to the new Bitter Creek channel.

Rainbow Avenue and Elk Street Bridges Over New Channel—Two 65 foot span steel plate girder bridges; 22 foot roadway on each bridge; two 5½ foot side walks on each bridge—weight of each bridge 37 tons. Roadway and side walk slabs are reinforced concrete. Bridges rest on reinforced concrete abutments extending 23 feet below the roadway.

"N" Street Bridge Across New Channel—This is a 90 foot span steel truss bridge; 14 foot roadway; plank floor. This bridge was removed from its old location on N Street near East Flat and reerected at its present location.

The results of the general improvements may be summed up as follows: A complete sanitary sewer system; the elimination of flood hazards in the important business and residential sections of the city; the elimination of the squatter situation, through the making of suitable lots available, taking children out of unlivable locations up to high ground; the creation of definite alignment of streets and alleys in unplatted portions so as to make the city one accessible unit; an increase in value of real estate, and last, but not least, and aside from all monetary consideration, the improvement made will tend to better living conditions and add to the civic pride of the community. The squatter conditions around Bitter Creek had become intolerable; the creek bed had become a dumping ground for every kind of refuse. No doubt the extremely healthful conditions surrounding this community alone prevented epidemics, therefore,

City Officials in Office at the starting and completion of Improvements.

Back—Left to right: Fred Johnson, City Attorney; T. S. Taliaferro, Jr., Advisor; E. B. Hitchcock, Clerk.
Center—Left to right, Councilmen: T. A. James, Joseph McTee, Hugh Morgan, Charles Durham, Matt Steffensen, Harry G. Parker.
Front—Mayor P. C. Bunning.

it was decided that by detouring the creek around the city and through a location deeded to the city by The Union Pacific Coal Company, not only would better sanitary conditions result, but the danger of future floods would be averted. The filling of the creek bed was likewise a great forward step as it has been an open sewer for many years, practically ever since the time of the earliest settlers founding the community, and this condition had become greatly accentuated with increase in population.

Rock Springs' poet laurette, the much loved Judge David G. Thomas, sang in years past of Bitter Creek.

"Here's Bitter Creek; an empty thing
Save when the melting snow in spring
Rolls madly down the mountain's side
And fills its channel deep and wide.
At times it nearly overflows
With dirty water, as it goes
Beyond the home of Noah Walters
Where it for a moment falters
To proudly view Jock Noble's castle
Before it starts to fight and wrestle
With old bottles, cans, and sundries
Certain men throw in on Sundays,
Mondays, Tuesdays and on all days.

* * * *

"On it goes—its filthy charges
Dash against old Uncle George's
House on stilts, from which it dodges
Past the stable of Frank Hodges',
By Woll Dickson's humble dwelling;
Chopping, grinding, booming, swelling,
Curling, whirling, ouward ever
Till it flows into Green River.

"O, Classic Creek! rich in tradition
Of tragedy and superstition;
Your yearly, reckless inundation
Provides the means of sanitation;
Besides, the Lord knows very well
When you have purged yourself of smell
And other things that much displease
You've freed the town of foul disease."

This was the creek at flood tide as shown in the picture taken April 8th, 1924, but there was another and longer season when the winds of Wyoming lifted the sewerage laden mass of dust and dirt out of the parched creek bed to deposit it in the eyes, mouth and lungs of the passerby. Again one had but to witness the creek at flood tide to wonder what would happen to the hundreds who habitated its sinuous channel if a cloud burst, such as Reliance experienced last summer, should strike in or above the city, such perhaps causing the loss of hundreds of lives. Nature makes and obeys its own laws, as our Chinese friends say it is "heap sassy" and it is for puny man to keep back. The filled-in portion of the creek will now be known as Channel Street, and before long automobiles and other traffic will use this street and, no doubt, it will become one of the most popular thoroughfares of the city, and in a few years the old creek, about which so much has been sung and told, will be but a memory.

The filling of Bitter Creek and its conversion into a street will also make all of the city more accessible and desirable from a business and fire protection standpoint, and an area equal to that filled will be conveyed to the city, representing a credit accruing to the cost of the work; the cost per square foot levied to meet the amount of the local improvement bond issue will be a fraction over one and one-half cents per square foot, a reduction of one cent or forty per cent from the original estimate.

To sum up the task supposes a word regarding those who gave their best to the work, aud among such the Mayor, Mr. P. C. Bunning, stands first. With a life time of experience as a contractor behind him, the Mayor put his heart and soul into the work, no hours too long, no complaint too petty to listen to. Suffering from a physical injury, an arm crushed at the elbow joint that refused to heal, he pushed his sick bed into the background getting out over the work, when but for an iron constitution death would have beeu his reward. Later, when yet really unfitted by his injury, he insisted on driving in his car over the work, travelling many miles daily, midnight his quitting hour. When doubts were expressed as to his ability to accomplish the task with the funds provided, he answered the challeuge by calling on three citizens, the cashiers of the three city banks, to audit as well as scrutinize every dollar expended. It would be impossible to tear up miles of streets without discommodiug those who use same, but each complaint of the hundreds made was met with relief, and the city's business and daily life went ou. Not the least of his activities was that of requiring the contractors to make use of local labor insofar as possible and the contractors and their staff worked with the Mayor most cordially.

Mr. Ellis Hudman, City Engineer, a man of ripe experience, guided his staff through a maze of difficulties and no man could have accomplished more than did he. The City Council left their personal affairs to advise and sustain the Mayor and City Engineer and the end result is a city, now drained and sewered, all done at a cost that has not been duplicated in recent years. The citizens of Rock Springs all feel and believe that the improvements made mark the beginning of a real dispensation, a period of real civic pride and betterment.

Ignorant of One Thing

Two friends were having an indignation meeting of their own. Both had suffered domestic strife and now they were comparing notes.

"Aren't women the limit?" growled the first. "We husbands don't know anything at all aud our wives know everything."

"Well," said his companion in misery, reluctantly, "there's one thing my wife admits she doesn't kuow."

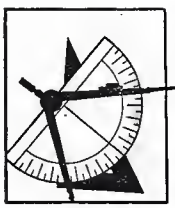
"What on earth is that?"

"Why she married me."

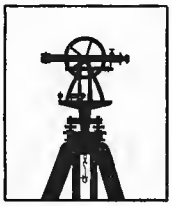
Engineers who assisted Ellis Hudman, City Engineer, working out the details of Rock Springs City improvement program.

Back—Left to right: P. H. Burnell, J. F. Kiviaho, Ellis Hudman, C. E. Swann.

Front—Left to right: O. G. Sharrer, H. O. Peters, A. P. Russell.



Engineers' Department



Mine Arithmetic

(This is the ninth article on Mine Arithmetic. Subsequent articles will appear in later issues.)

POWERS AND ROOTS

Square Root (Continued)

Extracting the square root is finding one of two equal factors of a number.

To find how many figures the square of a number contains take 1 and 9, the least and greatest integer that can be expressed by one figure; also 10 and 99, the least and greatest that can be expressed by two integral figures, etc., squaring these numbers we have

$1^2=1$; $10^2=100$; $100^2=10{,}000$
$9^2=81$; $99^2=9801$; $999^2=998{,}001$

Take .1 and .9, the least and greatest decimals that can be expressed by one figure, also .01 and .99, the least and greatest that can be expressed by two decimal figures, etc., squaring these

$.1^2=.01$; $.01^2=.0001$; $.001^2=.000001$
$.9^2=.81$; $.99^2=.9801$; $.999^2=.998001$

and from these illustrations we discover the following principles; (1) The square of a number contains twice as many figures as the root, or twice as many less one. (2) If any number is separated into periods of two figures each, beginning with units place, the number of figures in the square root will be equal to the number of the periods.

To extract the square root of a number we have the following General Rule:

I. Separate the number into periods of two figures each, beginning at units, and count both ways.
II. Find the greatest square in the first period on the left, and place its root on the right. Subtract this square from the period and on the right of the remainder place the next period for a dividend.
III. Double the part of the root thus found and annex a cipher for a trial divisor, which is the same as multiplying the root found by 20 for a trial divisor, and finding how many times it is contained in the dividend, then annex the quotient both to the root and to the divisor.
IV. Multiply the divisor, thus increased by the last figure placed in the root, subtract the product from the dividend and place the next period on the right of the remainder.
V. Proceed as before till the root of all the periods is found.

Multiplying the root obtained by itself will prove if the work was correctly done.

Notes: (1) If there is a remainder after the root of the last period is found, annex periods of ciphers and proceed as before. The figures of the root thus obtained will be decimals.

(2) If the trial divisor is not contained in the dividend, annex a cipher both to the root and to the divisor, and bring down the next period.

(3) It sometimes happens that the remainder is larger than the divisor; but it does not necessarily follow that the figure in the root is too small.

(4) The left hand period in whole numbers may have but one figure, but in decimals each period must have two figures. Hence, if the number of decimals is odd, a cipher must be annexed to complete the period.

Find the $\sqrt[2]{291.64}$

		Steps
	(a)	1
		20
First trial divisor		20
		7
First complete divisor		27
	(b)	17
		20
Second trial divisor		340
		0
Second complete divisor		340
	(c)	170
		20
Third trial divisor		3400
		7
Third complete divisor		3407
	(d)	1707
		20
Fourth trial divisor		34140
		7
Fourth complete divisor		34147
	(e)	17077
		20
Fifth trial divisor		341540
		4
Fifth complete divisor		341544
	(f)	170774
		20
Sixth trial divisor		3415480
		7
Sixth complete divisor		3415487

Number	Root
2 91.64 00 00 00 00	17.07747
$1^2=1$	
1 91 first dividend	
1 89	
2 64 second dividend	
0 00	
2 64 00 third dividend	
2 38 49	
25 51 00 fourth dividend	
23 90 29	
1 60 71 00 fifth dividend	
1 36 61 76	
24 09 24 00 sixth dividend	
23 90 84 09	
18 39 91 remainder	

(Please turn to page 17)

Location of the Various Grades of Coal in the United States

By R. R. Knill

We are again indebted to Mr. Knill for another interesting story on coal, his article this month dealing with the location of the different grades of coal in the United States.

IN dealing with the various grades of coal in the United States they may be divided into three classes, namely, anthracite, including anthracite and semi-anthracite; bituminous, covering semi-bituminous, bituminous and sub-bituminous; and lignite.

The first class considered here is anthracite. Pennsylvania produces over 90% of the anthracite of the United States, and all of this particular coal of Pennsylvania lies in the eastern part of the state. The Mammoth Seam is of particular interest. The coal in this bed is over 100 feet thick in places. A considerable amount of stripping is being done on the outcrop of this large seam, where it is folded and the top of the anticline is near the surface of the ground.

Several other states have small deposits, most of which are mined only intermittently. Rhode Island has the highest grade of anthracite, but the seams are altered and cut to such a large extent that it is not of practical value for fuel purposes. Virginia, New Mexico, Colorado, Washington, and Utah have small deposits of anthracite which has been formed by the intrusion of igneous rocks into the bituminous coal. Colorado has the largest of the smaller deposits. Georgia and Arkansas have some semi-anthracite.

Bituminous coals, including semi-bituminous, bituminous and sub-bituminous, occur in large deposits in several different parts of the United States. Semi-bituminous coal is produced principally in four states. The one large field contains a part of Pennsylvania, Maryland and West Virginia. The eastern portion of the Pennsylvania bituminous field, which extends into Maryland and West Virginia, is in a highly disturbed area which has caused the coal to be of semi-bituminous character. The most important seam of this field is the Pittsburg seam or "Big Vein." The other large field of semi-bituminous coal is in Arkansas. The Hartshorne seam is the largest of the more important deposits. Oklahoma, Georgia and Washington have some coal of this grade.

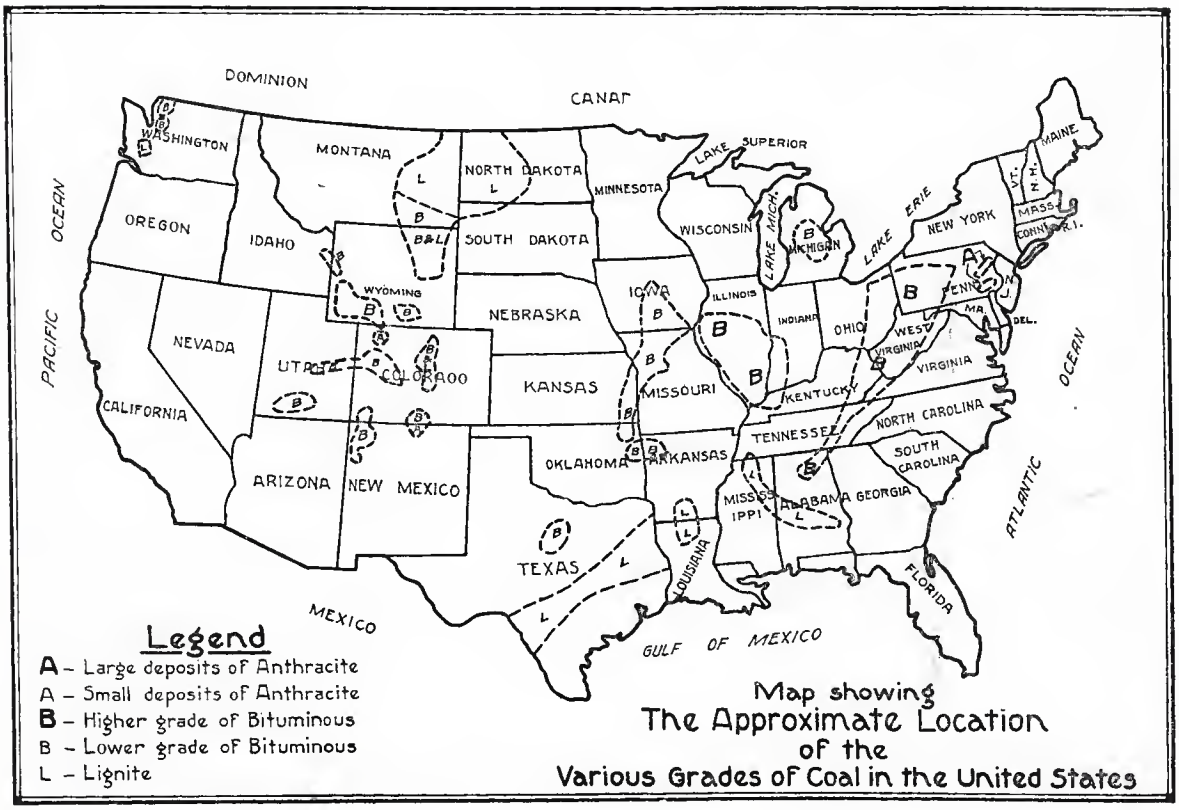
Bituminous coal is found in several large fields. Many of the seams outcrop in Pennsylvania and extend into West Virginia and Ohio. The coal dips in a general direction toward the Gulf of Mexico. The slopes are gentle and the bends are roughly parallel. The coal in several localities is coking.

A large deposit of bituminous coal is found in Illinois and extends into Indiana and Kentucky. Considerable of the coal will coke, but because of the large amount of sulphur which most of the coking coal carries it is not very suitable for commercial coke and is used mostly for domestic and steam purposes.

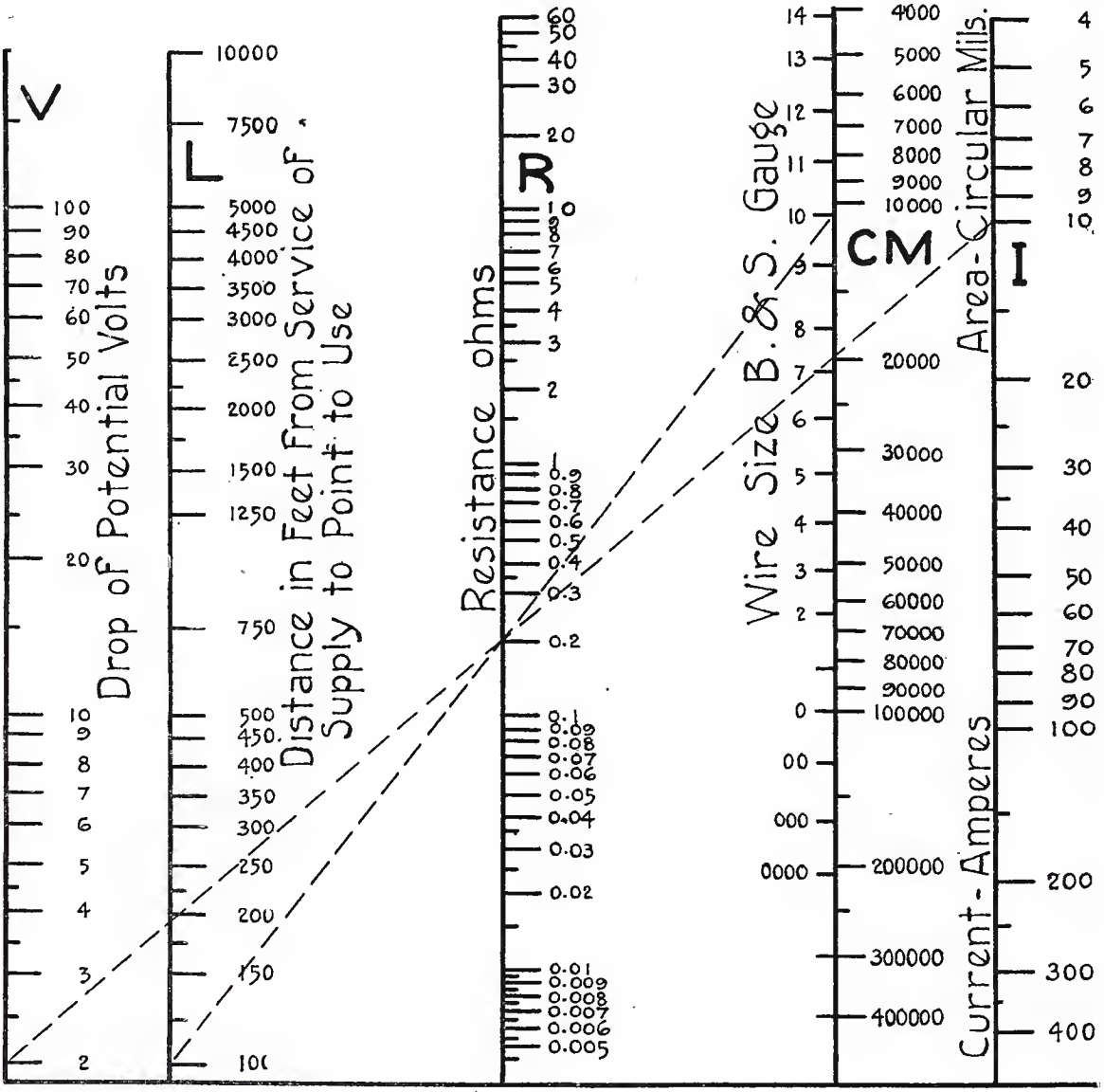
A series of coal beds occur in Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama. The coal of some of the seams is coking. Texas has bituminous coal, most of which is high in sulphur and is used mostly for steam coal. Iowa has extensive coal deposits, some of which extend into Missouri and Kansas. The Iowa coal is non-coking and high in sulphur. The Missouri coal is not of a very high grade. Considerable stripping is carried on in Missouri and Kansas. Oklahoma and Arkansas have bituminous deposits which are identified as being the same in both states. The coal deposits of Michigan are non-coking.

In the western part of the United States, including Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, Montana, Utah,

(Please turn to page 23)



By means of this chart the proper wire size for a given installation may be quickly determined as shown by the example at the bottom of the chart.



To Find size of wire to carry 10 amperes a distance 100 Ft. with a 2 volt drop of potential, place a straight edge on 2 volts on **V** scale and 10 amperes on **I** scale and read 0.2 ohms on **R** scale as shown by dotted line. Now place straight edge on 0.2 or **R** scale and 100 ft. on **L** scale and read No. 10 as size of wire on **C.M.** scale.

Chart for Calculating Proper Size of Copper Wire

By Charles F. Cameron
Electrical Instructor, Rock Springs High School

IN calculating the proper size of wire to be used for a given installation, consideration must be given to the distance from the source of supply to the point of distribution, the number of amperes to be carried, and the permissible voltage drop between the source of supply and the point of distribution. The formula that is commonly used for determining wire size is as follows:

$$\text{Circular mills} = \frac{\text{distance} \times 2 \times 10.7 \times \text{amperes}}{\text{volts lost}}$$

Quite often it is inconvenient to go to the trouble of multiplying and dividing all the factors given in the above formula, so the chart shown in the accompanying diagram was prepared for the purpose of eliminating the labor of these computations.

In this diagram it will be noticed that there are five scales. The first one at the left, which is marked "V," represents volts and is the permissible drop of potential between the source of supply and the point of distribution. The second scale at the left is marked "L," and, represents the distance in feet from the source of supply to the point of distribution. The middle or third scale is marked "R," and is calibrated in ohms. The fourth scale is marked "C. M.," and is calibrated in wire sizes and circular mils area of the conductor cable. It represents the proper wire size that is the result of the computation. The fifth scale, or the one at the extreme right, is marked "I," and is calibrated in amperes.

Assume that we have a direct-current motor that takes a full-load current of 10 amperes, and that this motor is situated at a distance of 100 feet from the source of supply. Also, assume that we desire that the voltage drop from the source of supply to the motor shall not exceed 2 volts. Place a straight edge on 2 volts on the drop of potential or "V" scale at the extreme left and also have it line up with 10 amp. on the current or "I" scale at the extreme right. On the middle scale, "R," we read 0.8 ohms. In other words, if we have a drop of potential of 2 volts and a current of 10 amp., the resistance of the circuit will be 0.2 ohm. Now place the straight edge on .02 ohm on the "R" scale and upon 100 feet on the "L" scale, the second scale from the left, and on the wire size or "C. M." scale read the size of wire, which is No. 10. Consequently, we find that a No. 10 wire is required to transmit 10 amp. a distance of 100 feet with a drop of potential of 2 volts.

The current that is to be carried by the wires can usually be determined from the nameplate of the machine to which the wires are to be connected. In the case of direct-current machines, the current will be given in amperes, and in the case of alternating-current machines, particularly two-phase and three-phase machines, the current will be given in amperes per terminal. These values of current are the ones that should be used in calculating the size of wire.

In case the current is not given but the horsepower or kilowatts and voltage are given, the current can readily be calculated from the following formulas:

For direct current, $I = \frac{W}{V}$.

For single-phase alternating current, $I = \frac{W}{V \times P.F.}$

For three-phase alternating current, $I = \frac{W}{1.73 \times V \times P.F.}$

In each of the above formulas "I" stands for current in amperes, W=watts, V=volts and P. F.=power factor expressed as a decimal rather than in per cent. Horsepower can be converted to watts by multiplying by 746 before using in the formulas.

To find the proper size of wire to use for balanced three-phase, three-wire, circuits, the current per terminal or current in each wire is determined as described in the foregoing. The wire size is then calculated by means of the chart in the same manner as given in the previous examples. The circular mill area of the wire size thus found must then be divided by 1,154 or multiplied by 0.866 to obtain the correct size of wire for use on a balanced three-phase, three-wire circuit.

In using the chart it should be remembered that distance is taken as the number of feet from the source of supply to the point of distribution or point at which the wires are to be run, rather than the total length of the wire that is used.

Note—The foregoing article recently appeared in the **Industrial Engineer**, having been submitted to them prior to our request for it, and is published at this time with their permission.—Editor.

(Continued from page 14)

Comparatively few numbers are exact squares, and 291.64 is such a number. It will be noticed that the root of this number can be carried to an indefinite number of decimal places, but for most practicable purposes it is only necessary to carry the decimal to five places, using only four places, and adding one to the fourth place if fifth place is over five and dropping last place if under five.

In the preceding article where reference was made to finding the second figure of the root, as 7 in above example, the statement was made that probably 7 would be the one required. The word probably is used because of the various figures that are selected for the root are, at first, only trial figures. In above example, the first trial divisor is 20 and, at first glance, it would appear that the second number in the root will be eight, but when eight is added to the trial divisor the complete divisor becomes 28, and $28 \times 8 = 224$, which is too large and a smaller number, 7, must be used.

In order that the main features of calculating a square root may be remembered it should be noted that the various trial divisors are obtained by doubling the existing figures in the root and annexing a cipher to the result for a trial divisor, which is equivalent to multiplying the existing figures in the root by 20 for a trial divisor. Thus, the first figure in the root multiplied by 20 gives the first trial divisor; the first two figures of the root multiplied by 20 gives the second trial divisor, etc. Considering this step as the framework of the calculation the remaining steps can be easily remembered.

In preceding example it will be noted that the second trial divisor is greater than the dividend, therefore zero is placed in the root and also added to the trial divisor for a complete divisor and the process continued.

In extracting the square root of decimals it should be noted that all periods must contain two figures, starting at the decimal point and pointing off to the right and if necessary ciphers must be added to fill out the periods. Adding ciphers to the right of a decimal does not change its value.

To extract the square root of a fraction, extract the square root of the numerator for a new numerator and the square root of the denominator for a new denominator, or reduce the fraction to a decimal, and extract the square root of the decimal.

It is the usual custom to reduce a fraction to a decimal before extracting the square root.

Example:—Find the square root of $\frac{5}{8}$.

Solution: Reduce the fraction to a decimal; thus, $\frac{5}{8} = .625$. Then the square root of $\frac{5}{8}$ is the square root of .625, or $\sqrt{.625} = .79057$ answer.

The Dedication of the Church of Saints Cyril and Methodius

By Frank Tallmire

Reverend Father Anton Schiffrer Standing on the steps of the North Side Catholic Church.

Father Schiffrer's Greeting

REVEREND Father Anton Schiffrer's greting in English, to his parishoners and the visitors who attended the dedication service was, like himself, direct, fine-spirited, to the point—yet comprehensive:

> "My dear friends, you are no doubt glad to be in our new church today. It is the result of fifteen years of labor. I am glad for and proud of you, of the support you have given me—it is not the priest who does the work. It is the good will and work of the people. The priest is only a tool for God. I regret the absence of many benefactors, some who have returned to old lands. I want you to remember them in your prayers and to be, with me, grateful for the love they have had for the church—I want to give thanks for friends in Rock Springs who are not of our faith, but who, nevertheless gave words of peace and encouragement. May God bless them."

IN this Magaziue for August, 1925, there was quite a lengthy review of the work of the Reverend Anton Schiffrer in Rock Springs and a description of the new North Side Catholic Church, then in the course of construction.

Sunday, December 13th, saw the fulfillment of the hopes and the result of years of nutiriug efforts and sacrifices on the part of Father Schiffrer and his parishioners when the beautiful new edifice, just completed, was, in the beauty and solemnity of the Roman Catholic ritual, dedicated to the worship of God by Bishop P. A. McGovern of Cheyenne, head of the Catholic diocese of Wyoming.

At 9:30 A. M., notwithstanding the severe cold and falling snow, several huudred men, representing various Catholic societies of Rock Springs, assembled at the South Side Church and escorted the Bishop and the officiating clergy to the new Church. The organizations in the liue of march were the Knights of Columbus, one Croatian, two Slovak and three Sloveniau Societies, their regalia and banners, with the American flag in the lead, making a colorful sight.

An Interior View

Outside the new Church, where a large crowd of people of various creeds and nationalities had assembled, the parade halted while the Bishop, in full vestments, blessed the outer walls. Upon completion of this ceremony, the people, or as many of them as could gain entrance, were admitted and a similar service was performed within.

Father Schiffrer then, in the languages of which he is master, welcomed his people and his friends to the new house of worship and thanked them for the co-operatiou and generosity that had made it all possible. As he viewed the magnificent church and the large concourse of people, it must have been a proud moment for him, and from

the fullness of his heart and in accord with the spirit of "Peace on earth, good will to men," he could and did observe, as "Tiny Tim" in the Christmas story, "God bless us, every one."

Reverend John Judnich of Denver, Colorado, followed with an impressive sermon in the Slovenian language on the good effects of the church and religion in the community—after which, Bishop McGovern congratulated Father Schiffrer and his people, contrasting conditions in Rock Springs now with what they were when he laid the corner stone of the new church thirteen years ago. He then held the attention of the congregation with a masterly sermon, taking as his subject: "The Church, the Regenerator of the Individual, the Family and Society," refuting the oft repeated claim that Christianity has been a failure.

Solemn High Mass was then sung, Father Schiffrer acting as Celebrant, Reverend S. A. Welsh Reverend Henry Schellinger of Green River as Deacon, respectively. Others of Rock Springs as Sub-Deacon and Master of Ceremonies, the Reverend Cyril within the sancuary were the Right Reverend Bishop with Judnich as escorts and Zupan, O. S. B. of Pueblo, Colorado, and Reverend John Knights of Columbus, fourteen members of the Fourth Degree Assembly, by the Rialto Theatre as Guard of Honor. A choir of eighteen voices, assisted Zangl's St. Louis Mass. orchestra and other musicians, beautifully rendered on the altars, the rich The music and singing, the gleaming lights and flowers banners of the various robes of the clergy, the bright colors of the flags and windows, made this an societies and the lights softened through the stained glass event not soon to be forgotten.

But the most striking feature was the respectful attention of the many non-Catholics in the congregation, who had assembled to pay their respects to Father Schiffrer and their fellow Christions for the good work done in erecting, to the glory of God, a church such as any city ten times the size of Rock Springs might feel proud of. Not so many years ago in this country, "the land of the free," where religion and the free exercise thereof is guaranteed to all by the Coustitution, there was often a spirit of bitterness and bigotry among the various religious denominations. That feeling may have existed in Rock Springs to some extent in the past, but after seeing on previous occasions the splendid co-operation among all classes and creeds, and again on Sunday, December 13th, the many of different faiths who braved the rigors of a stormy winter day to witness, not out of curiosity but out of respect and good will, the dedication of a church in which the majority of those who will worship are usually designated as "foreigners," one must surely hope that the spirit of intolerance and bigotry has gone from our midst, never to return.

Church of Saints Cyril and Methodius dedicated on Sunday, December 13th, by the Right Reverend P. A. McGovern, Bishop of Cheyenne. Parsonage on the left.

The Story of Certain Community Councils and Their Accomplishments

THERE is an old fable which tells about a father and his sons and how the father, when he knew he could not live much longer, sought to teach the sons to work together. He sent each of them to bring him two sticks. They did so and the old man, taking one stick from each son, broke it easily. Next he took the second stick from each and with a thong tied them all together securely and tried to break them. He couldn't. Then he asked each of the sons to try to break the bundle. Not one of them could. "Now," said the father, "you see how it is when they are all together. They cannot be broken." The old man was trying to teach his sons the need for unity in a family, the advisability of working together. Applied to a community, in our present day language, he might have been trying to teach the value of co-operation. The dictionary says that co-operation means "working together for the same end."

Just a year ago in Hanna and Superior and Winton and Reliance representatives of the organizations existent in these towns formed Community Councils for the "promotion of the spirit of co-operation for community betterment and the development of such services as we can, unitedly, render the community."

Perhaps each of these Councils felt its first duty was a thoughtful study of the community. In any case they did study them and however worth while a community study made by someone outside that community is, it is most certainly true that whatever of "betterment" is "promoted" must, to be effective, come from within.

The Hanna Council Officers are: President, Jack Crawford; Vice-President, John Maxon; Secretary, W. W. Schneider; Treasurer, Mrs. C. D. Williamson. At Winton A. J. Mathis is President, Stewart McDowell is Vice-President and K. Hofmeier is Secretary. James McPhie is President of the Reliance Council; Miss Rauna Lee Hardin is Vice-President; Miss G. Prosser, Secretary and Mrs. Neil Harrigan, Treasurer. Superior has a large Council with representatives from Local Union No. 2616; Local Union No. 2823; The Izaac Walton League; The Relief Society; Rebecca Lodge; The Women's Guild; Mine Foreman's Club; The City Council; The School faculty with Harry Wylam as President and Nurse Edith Cahill as Secretary.

And have these Councils been a success? Have they been able to carry out their purpose? Most surely they have. We have had the privilege of sitting in on many of their deliberations, hearing their plans discussed, and have seen those same plans executed with a thoroughness that brought results. Community and individual problems have been considered with the wisely kind thing to do—the ultimate good, in mind.

The activities of the Councils have been many and varied, no one monthly meeting ever coming without bringing its problems to be solved, its program to be projected. In Superior the Council got behind the campaign to encourage gardening, it arranged for new dressing rooms in the swimming pool, it backed the High School athletic program and it helped send the Girl Scouts to camp. In Hanna the Council arranged and put on a summer camp for both the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, the first camps that Hanna had ever had. In Winton and Reliance the Councils backed scouting through the year and, arranging equipment and transportation, sent all their Girl Scouts to the Burn Lake Camp. It is a very real help to a Scout Captain to know that an organization like one of these Councils is backing her.

But there is nothing that so unites a community as the opportunity to play together. The man who plays with his neighbor understands him better than the man who only works with his neighbor ever can. So these Councils have given much attention to recreational activities. Dances of all sorts have been arranged, old fashioned dances have been revived, musical festivals have been given, dramas have been staged and skating rinks and swimming pools made.

And the Christmas of 1925—a beautiful white Christmas in our canyons, with much lovely snow to cover the bareness of our hills. And a red letter Christmas because of the wonders that came to our children through community co-operation. A wonderful Christmas in Reliance where Santa Claus visited every single home and then made his last visit at the entertainment in the hall, where he stayed long enough to hear this program.

Program

Part I

Song: Santa ..... Primary Room
Song: I'll Be a Sunbeam ..... Primary Room
Recitation: Welcome ..... James Sullivan
Recitation: Xmas Greeting .....
Recitation: Our Greetings ..... Lucile Childers, Ruth Hamblin, Elda Sisk, Mildred Stroud
Recitation: Secrets ..... Elda Sisk
Recitation: Somebody's Mistake ..... Albert Zeiher
Recitation: Love ..... Lucile Childres
Recitation: Our Baby ..... Mildred Stroud
Recitation: Santa Is Coming ..... Agnes Kelley

Recitation: Advice to Santa .....Louise Mrnish
Recitation: The Whole World is an Xmas Tree .....Lee Roy McComis
Recitation: Merry Xmas .....Rnth Hamblin
Recitation: A Wish .....Wesley Myers
Recitation: Xmas Bells .....Kate Militich
Songs: Xmas Carol ..... } .....3rd and 4th grades
Santa Claus is Near }
Recitation: When Grandma was a Litle Girl .....4 Little Girls
Recitation: Guess What I am Holding.
Operetta: A Box of Dolls.

Part II

A Trip to Santa Claus Land .....6th and 7th grades

Xmas Carols. Part III

Pageant: Xmas Story.

And in Superior, where the gorgeous outdoor tree casts its light so far that no other light was needed to light the paths down the hill for the eight hnndred children who eame to see it, nor the music sheets of the five groups of carollers who sang: "It Came upon the Midnight Clear" and "Silent Night."

We would like to always carry this picture of Superior's Christmas with us. Its hills, snow-covered, seemed made for just snch a pageaut as was produced by the children streaming down to the Hall outside of which stood the "Tree." Then there were two "trees" in the two Cumberlands and wonderfnl programs in Hanna and Winton, and Santa's visit and splendid Christmas music.

Nor did onr children only get. They gave. The Reliance boys and girls sang carols for the passengers on the trains passing through Rock Springs. The Rock Springs Scouts sang at the hospital. Other Girl Scouts sang in their own towns, weaving into their singing the peace of good-will as they made the benediction and magie of the words of the old songs their very own.

Now, starting the work of their second year, these Commuuity Conncils may indeed feel that their service has been worth while—and so go on to further worthy accomplishment.

New Church at Winton

AT Winton a church was recently fitted up to accommodate the congregation which attended the mission serviees conducted by the clergy of the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows. Masses are celebrated every first and third Sunday at ten A. M. Immediately after Mass a Catechism Class for children is conducted.

Why Do We Read?

"Why do we read?" asked Arthur Brisbane and then supplies an answer in these words. "We read first of all to make onrselves think. Good reading is to the brain what good food is to the muscles, nerves and blood supply. A man is what he thinks. What he thinks depends on what he reads and hears and on the impressions that the world makes ou his mind.

"We read to think first of all. We read to learn. We read to stimulate thonght. We read to obtain information. We read to obtain inspiration. Reading is valuable because it makes you think. What really counts is what goes on in yonr own mind."

Reliance Boy and Girl Scouts singing Christmas carols in Rock Springs Depot Park, December 21, 1925.

Memories

By G. B. Pryde

AS the Christmas and New Year seasons recur each year, we like to indulge in reminiscences and discuss the customs of by-gone New Year celebrations. And so there comes to my memory some of the customs of my uative land, Scotland, which may be of interest as the holiday season is again here.

On the last day of the old year we youngsters, both boys and girls, were up long before sunrise, as early as 4:00 A. M., on our way to the manor houses to ask for our "faring," this being a recognized custom. Those who dispersed the "faring," which consisted of cakes, oranges and candy, made preparations and laid in a suitable supply for the occasion. Long distances were travelled and it was not au uncommon sight to see the larger children take turns carrying the smaller ones, who had played out on the way. Arriving at the manor house, we were met with a pleasant greeting, but before the cakes and other edibles were delivered to us, we had to repeat a rhyme which we had memorized for the occasion. One, I remember, ran something like this:

"Get up, guid wife, and gi'e us our farin',
Don't think that we are beggars,
We're but children come to play,
Gi'e us our cakes and let's away."

And another:

"A wee, wee pokie fu' o' tow,
If you don't gi'e me my singing cakes,
I'll set you all a lowe."

There were many others which I do not remember, but after the rhyme had been said and we had been given our "faring," we hurried to other manor houses, taking them all in, the trip over the moors being rather arduous, so that by the time we reached home we were all tired out.

Then there were the "guising" parties in which the young men masked and dressed to represent different characters, such as Gladstone and Salisbury. I remember that the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) was a general favorite, as well as the inevitable Highlander, dressed in kilts. The group might number anywhere from twenty to twenty-five, includiug the musicians, the latter consisting of violin players, flute and melodeon players, with a drum thrown in for good measure. It was the custom to go the rounds of the villages, visiting many of the houses where dancing was eujoyed. When the music started, it seemed but a short time before a crowd of young ladies was on hand, and, with the "guisers" as partners, the dauce weut merrily on. Among the "guisers" were some expert folk dancers, who were very adept and were always in great demand.

One occasion comes vividly to my mind. In taking a short cut through the pastures from one village to auother, we were going along indulging in a good deal of horseplay and repartee, as young people will, when out of the murky night loomed figures which filled us with consternation. They turned out to be highland cattle, very similar to the Texas steers, with long horns and very shaggy hair. As they glowered at us for a minute under shaggy brows, evidently our gaudy apparel was not to their liking, for, with a tremendous bellow they were after us, and the race was on. There were no slackers among us! Indeed, everyone seemed to want to be in the lead. The several pastures were separated by substantial stone walls. Toward one of these we sped. Arriving, we lost no time in getting over the wall. The steers reached the wall a close second and looked rather threateningly at us from the opposite side, but, once safely over, out of the reach of those menacing horns, we bravely stood our ground and would not allow them to break our manly spirits. After a hurried survey of our raiment, which was badly disarranged, and the completion of some very necessary emergency repairs thereon, we were on our way. Reaching the village in a short time the dance and festivities went gaily on, so we soon forgot our nearly tragic experience.

Then there were the "first-footing" parties in which large numbers participated. Promptly on the stroke of midnight after the Happy New Year wishes had been passed with those in the immediate vicinity, many hurried to the home of their friends to express good wishes for their welfare. Several rules must necessarily be observed in these "first-footing" enterprises, as it was a regularly organized and recognized institution. For example, the "first-footer" must be of the masculine gender; it was extremely unlucky for a woman to be a "first-footer," or the first to enter the house after the New Year. If the "first-footer" was to bring good luck for the New Year he should be dark-complexioned aud under no condition should he go into the house empty handed but he must bear a gift of some kind iu his hands. It was a considerable responsibility, however, to be a "first-footer," because if, during the year, some misfortune should happen to the friends visited, he would be blamed in a large measure for the unfortunate visitation. On the other hand, if the year should turn out to be an auspicious one, then he was loudly acclaimed a lucky "first-footer," and was in great demand on subsequent similar occasions.

Looking back over the years, it is little wonder that these days have held a large and distinct part in our memories. It is pleasant to remember the friendly spirit of our holiday fun—and as such I am glad to recall it.

New Year Resolutions

WE know that New Year Resolutions ought to operate all the year round, because they are of precious little good unless they do. But let's play, "if you were supposing what would you suppose" and think of some of the things we might resolve if we were resolving. What is it we want in 1926 and what are the things that will help us get it? What do we want? Success, is it not? Now, of course, success means something different to each different person. No two persons reading the same book, viewing the same scene, traveling the same road or looking out of the same car window ever came to the same conclusion with reference to the value of the book, the beauty of the scene or the mental possibilities of the car window. No two persons have exactly the same interpretation of what makes a successful life. But may not success be, for most men, that a man should, with due regard for the good of others, make the most of himself and his circumstances? If he can look within and bring forth all that is there of mind, will, purpose and genius, if he can reach out and around and gather up all that is fine in his environment and surroundings—constantly enlarging these—and can blend the two into his destiny, will he not have achieved success? And the elements that go into the making of a successful life—what are they? First is **Character.** Long ago in grade school they taught us that "Character is what you are, reputation is what others think you are." **Character is what you are.** To be a success a man must have a genuinely fine character.

Then there is **Individuality.** Wasn't it Emerson who said that God has given to every man something which is characteristic of Himself? We are all alike in one respect—we differ. To be successful then, man must believe in himself, must be true to that inner man which is himself, must prove his own convictions. He must believe in himself. The trinity of faith is faith in God, faith in man and faith in self. The worst enemy any man can have is the individual who persistently doubts him. They conquer who believe they can. The bests thing any man can give humanity is

himself—his best self. One of the reasons the advance of civilization is bringing us more and more democracies is that progress demands the use of the individual mind. He is a foolish man who lets any other make his code for him, who blindly follows a leader. And the leader who asks unthinking obedience is equally foolish.

Third, there is **Energy**. Energy is another word for force of character. Mr. Lazy Bones seldom arrives. Life's prizes are bought with an investment of energy. Success is not an accident.

But what most unsuccessful things lack is **Quality**. When Booker T. Washington, then an unknown youth working for the elevation of his own people in the south, asked General Armstrong for a suggestion concerning an address he had been invited to give in New England, the General advised: "Booker, don't shout or gesticulate, but give them an idea for every word." The trouble with most of us is that we're glad to get our work done at all without trying to perfect it. Men have been made famous by one book, one speech, one act, one sentence, one poem—the poem made famous by one verse, perhaps the verse by one line. A teacher, teaching a group of students how to write advertisements said to them: "If you want folks to think with you when they read your ad, you must think when you write it." It is told of the historian Macauley that he wrote only two pages a day—but what color he put into them. They have quality.

I cannot find a one-word name for **willingness to learn**, but surely this characteristic must belong to the man who merits success. Recall the story about the country lad who went to a College President asking admission. The President inquired: "How much do you know?" And the boy said: "I don't know nothing." "Fine," said the President, "your prospects are bright. It takes the average man in this University four years to find out that he 'don't know nothing.'"

Then we must add **Courage** to our list. No man can be a genuine success who is lacking in courage. We used to make large distinction between moral and physical courage. But are they not so closely allied as to be but the complement each of the other? Surely the war taught us that. Whenever you find a page of human history which glows with a peculiar splendor—there you will find the story of some man who had courage.

If we are going to resolve, can't we resolve to make our lives a success by being true to ourselves, energetic, quality seeking, willing to learn, fine charactered persons?

(Contiuued from page 15)

Washington, and California, there are more or less extensive deposits of bituminous coal. Colorado, Utah and Washington have some which will coke. The deposits of Wyoming are very extensive and most of the coal is a very high grade bituminous. The deposits of California are not developed to any great extent on account of the large production of oil.

The coal classed as sub-bituminous is mostly in the western part of the United States, although Texas has some deposits ranked as sub-bituminous. Colorado, Wyoming and Utah are the largest producers. Washington, Oregon and Arizona follow. Very little mining is done in the last three states mentioned.

The lignite deposits of North Dakota probably form the largest coal reserve in the United States. South Dakota and Montana lignite fields are a continuation of these deposits. Some of the coal seams in the Dakotas run over 30 feet in thickness. A large field of lignite coal in Texas is mostly uuprospected. The known part of the field is comparatively small. Arkansas, Wyoming and California have more or less extensive deposits of lignite coal.

The Death of the Old Year

IT is customary, every New Year's Eve in America, to ring bells, fire guns, send up rockets, and, in many other ways, to show joy and gratitude that the old year has been so kind, and that the new year is so auspicious. The emphasis in Tennyson's poem is laid on gratitude for past benefits so easily forgotten rather than upon the possible advantage of the unknown and untried future.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you must not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.
He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New-year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock,
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

—Alfred Tennyson.

Fixed It

"What did your wife say when you came in at four this morning?"

"Didn't have a word to say."

" 'S matter, tongue tied?"

"No, I put cement in her beauty clay."

Ex.

Old Timers' Page

An Old Time New Year's Celebration

By Joseph Walton, Hanna

Mr. Walton has favored us with a story of old time New Year's celebrations for the January number. Mr. Walton's reminiscences of the Early West will be continued in the February number.

THIS day is the Scotch day, while the English think more of Christmas. In the coal camps in the earlier days, we usually started the New Year about 10 P. M. the night before. When I say we, I mean we who were all Scotch. On New Year's Eve we would organize, starting at 10 P. M. and finding out how many there were who could play some kind of an instrument, if it was only a tin whistle, we would get a band together. The one that could make the most noise was the best player, and then came the singers. It was very hard at first to pick out the singers, as there didn't seem to be any one that could sing, but—after they got started it was just as hard to stop them from singing. You know there was something in the atmosphere that made us all want to sing.

After our preparations were made, we would start out to serenade the old folks. We would go to the house and make as much noise as our musical talents and band would allow and then the lady of the house would come to the door with a candle or lamp in her hand and invite us in. She would dish out our New Year's treats and we would then wish them a very Happy and Prosperous New Year and go to the next house and so on until we had visited all the houses in camp. By this time it would be along about 5 A. M. and the most of us would be ready for bed.

We would get up about 11 A. M. on New Year's Day for dinner and then the sports, which consisted of foot races and a game called "Quoits" would begin. Quoits is a game similar to the American game of horseshoe. It is played with soft and hard ends. The soft ends were made by digging a hole about 18 inches square and 6 inches deep, then filled with clay or mud. The hard ends would be the bare ground. The soft ends is the Scotchman's game and I have seen some excellent players. This game is played by

A Group of Old Timers

The above picture shows five men who served as Union Pacific Coal Company officials, all of whom are now deceased.

In the doorway is Morgan Grifiiths, for many years General Foreman of all Union Pacific Coal Company properties, a man that rose from the ranks and at the time of his death was considered an authority on mining and geology; few men were better informed on the geology of southern Wyoming than he.

Next to him is "Sandy" Briggs, who was Superintendent of the Spring Valley Mines, and Superintendent at Carbon, then later at Hanna. "Sandy" was a bluff and genial Scotchman who had a host of friends around the mines.

Seated is Al Dodds, next to him James Knox and on the extreme left John Tate, all Gas Watchmen at the Spring Valley Mine, where the picture was taken.

This mine closed during 1905.

putting a peg in the center of the clay and then pitching the quoits about 40 feet. The one closest the peg wins the point. I have seen players who could take the point when it would look impossible. This game would become very interesting. I have seen as high as $250.00 change hands on one point when it would look to me absolutely impossible to take the point. There would be a coach with a small piece of white paper and he would place the paper just where he wanted to land the quoit and the player would deliver the quoit just there.

There would also be a hard end game going on at the same time. This game was more of an English game. When I say English, I mean Welsh, Dutch and all other nationalities—not Scotch. The English, I think, had the best of the hard ends. There would be lots of excitement until it got dark and then most of us would go home and a fter supper we would go to bed to be ready for work in the morning.

Mrs. James Attryde, Hanna Old-Timer, Gone

MRS. Pamelia Dexter Attryde, beloved wife of James Attryde, an old time employe of The Union Pacific Coal Company, was born in Selsten Nottinghamshire, England, on March 15th, 1855. She left her native land in the year 1880, settling at Almy, Wyoming, where she made her home until 1900, moving to Spring Valley and residing there until the year 1905, at which time she took up her residence at Cumberland. In 1908 she moved to Hauna, where she resided until her death, which occured on December 7th, 1925.

Mrs. James Attryde, beloved old-timer of Hanna gone.

Mrs. Attryde had always enjoyed good health until about fifteen mouths previous to her death, when she became a patient suffered to the end. Funeral services were held at the Methodist Episcopal Church on December 10th, Elders Miller and Clark of the Church of the Latter Day Saints officiating. Interment took place in the Hanna Cemetery.

Mrs. Attryde was of a kind and lovable nature, a devoted wife and mother and a considerate and thoughtful neighbor. The love and esteem in which she was held was evidenced by the many beautiful floral offerings and the large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends that attended the remains to their last restiug place.

Deceased leaves to mourn her loss, her husband, James Attryde, and her daughters, Mrs. W. H. Groutage of Winton, Mrs. Wm. Bateman of Rock Springs, Mrs. Henry Fredericks of Laramie, and Mrs. Charles Higgins, Jr., of Hanna; one son, Edward Attryde, of Hanna; a foster sou, John Dexter of Rock Springs; four sisters, Mrs. Anna Tate of Hanua, Mrs. Sarah Bradshaw of St. Anthony, Idaho, two sisters living at the old home in England, and twenty-two grandchildren.

Who Flouts Our Laws?

By Nellie Tayloe Ross

The following article by Governor Nellie Tayloe Ross of Wyoming on the present day tendency to disregard individual responsibility with respect to public affairs is reprinted for our readers from the December 5th issue of "Colliers."

IF THERE is any problem confronting our nation today more serious than the growing tendency to disregard of the law, if not indeed to derision and even defiance of it, I do not know what it is. And if our people have any obligation more grave than that of curbing this disregard of law it has not come to my attention.

My eleven months' experience in office has convinced me that this condition is the outgrowth of a two-fold neglect of duty—neglect of citizens to take interest in their government and neglect of pareuts to take interest in their homes. It is not for me to discuss here the waning influence of the home upon the growing generation, but I may properly say a word upon the declining interest in the affairs of government.

We are taught that ours is a government of the people—yet how many there are who think of the government as something apart from themselves—an institution in which they have no share and for which they have no responsibility. Too many even of our native born citizens do not seem to realize that the great glory of our country is that here for the first time in the modern world the blessings and privileges and—quite as important—the obligations of self-government were won.

Every citizen, no matter how important and engrossing may be his private business, is under an obligation, which cannot finally be escaped, to support and defend the government. To evade this obligation means only to delay the reckoning and to make the final accounting all the heavier.

To me it seems strangely inconsistent that men and women who nobly offer their lives and the lives of their children in defense of the goverument in time of war, so often fail in time of peace to support that same government by giving adherence to its laws and patriotically participating in its affairs. Fathers and mothers who can rise to such sublime heights of self-sacrifice that they willingly send their sons forth to die gloriously, if need be, on the field of battle, surely should not fail to teach those same sons, by precept and example, to serve their country in time of peace, not only by allegiance to its laws but also by active devotion to its ideals. It has been well said that a country that is worth dying for is surely worth living for.

A conviction has been forced upon me, not only that it rests entirely with the people whether or not the laws shall be obeyed, but that the whole tone and standard of the government, whether local, state or national, is likewise in their keeping. Of this fact, I am absolutely certain: that no agency or combination of agencies, no executive, no enforcement or prosecuting officer can go beyond the bounds of public opinion and public support in euforcing the law.

In exactly the same manner the activity, the intelligence, the loyalty and the idealism of any governing body will depend upon what public opinion demands. For without doubt the most potent of all governing forces is public opinion. These government ills which we most deplore can usually be attributed to the lethargy and indifference of the people, or, in other words, to feeble and uninformed public opinion. If there is ever such a thing in this country as domination by a minority it is only because the majority, carelessly and unpatriotically, abdicate their authority as sovereign citizens of a free republic.

(Please turn to page 27)

Of Interest to Women

With the Women's Organizations

THE Reliance Woman's Club is counting the days now when they may plan to "fix up" a club room for their meetings. Its Kensington Department is a pleasant part of its activities.

The Reliance Relief Society made the bags for the Community Christmas tree.

The newly formed Women's First Aid Class in Reliance had a wonderful time trying to select a name that would adequately represent the degree of its willingness, reliability, resistlessness, working ability; that would properly honor its instructors, the town, its parent organization, the purpose of the class and the purposes of its members. It even tried to immortalize in its name something of the chic evident in the costumes of its members—but that took a lengthy name. Each member submitted a suggestion and Mrs. Mike Koragi won the prize offered by the Employes Magazine for the name which was chosen by the vote of the club. But at this writing we are not able to announce it because the instructor, Mr. Dave Wilson, was standing in front of the blackboard which recorded it—or it couldn't all be gotten on the board or something.

In any case here is an organization that has gotten away to a splendid start with the following members: Mrs. J. Holen, Miss Sullivan, Mrs. L. Sery, Mrs. Neil Harrigan, Mrs. Hugh Harrigan, Miss McDonell, Mrs. Jane Robertson, Mrs. H. Fitchett, Miss Helen Freeman, Mrs. H. Buckles, Mrs. Wm. Telke, Mrs. H. McComas, Mrs. Eccles, Mrs. G. Flu, Mrs. D. Wilson, Mrs. Wm. Spence and Miss G. Prosser, and Mr. Dave Wilson for instructor. It will be watched with interest.

Reliable Candy Recipes

HOME-MADE candy is always popular at the holiday season and it is better for children at any season than is factory candy. Here are some good recipes that have been tested.

Pop-Corn Balls

Two quarts popped kernels, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup molasses or white corn-syrup, 1 tablespoon butter, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoou vanilla.

Place the popped kernels in a large pan. Melt the butter, add the sugar, molasses or syrup, and boil without stirring until the mixture reaches 250° Fahrenheit, or until it cracks when tried in cold water. Remove it from fire and pour it very slowly over the corn kernels, turning them until they are well coated. Shape into small balls and wrap in wax paper.

Quick Peanut Brittle

One cup shelled roasted peauuts, 2 tablespoons butter, 1½ cups white sugar, ½ cup corn-syrup, ½ cup dark molasses, ½ cup water, ¼ teaspoon baking-soda.

Combiue the sugar, syrup, molasses, water aud butter, aud boil while stirring until it reaches a temperature of 270° Fahrenheit, or until it is very brittle in cold water. Remove from the fire, and stir in the separated nut-meats and soda, distributing the nuts evenly. Pour in a very thiu layer on a well-buttered pan. When cool, crease with a knife into squares.

Stuffed Dates

Stone large perfect dates, and lay them on oiled paper. Have already prepared a filling of broken walnut-meats, pecan-meats, chopped salted peauuts, peanut butter, marshmallows, finely cut candied ginger, or any other candied fruit or nut-meat. Stuff each date cavity. Roll them in sifted granulated or powdered sugar and pack them in wax paper or oruamentaI box. Chill before packing.

An Easy Uncooked Fondant

One cup sifted confectioners' sugar, 1 white of egg, 1 tablespoon flavoring, coloring, and 2 cups nut-meats, shredded cocoanut or candied fruit.

Sift the sugar into a small bowl and add the unbeaten egg-white, and beat with flat or "shoe" beater until smooth; add the flavoring at the last. Wheu firm, lay out on a board or table and knead and pinch, using more sifted sugar if necessary. Make small rolls of this paste and press into it nut-meats or other ingredients; or flatten it iuto little patties, nsing different colors and flavors; or dip a ball of this fondant into melted sweet chocolate and lay on wax paper to dry.

A Good Fudge Receipe

Two cups sugar, ⅔ cup rich milk, 2 squares grated unsweetened chocolate, 2 level tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon flavoring.

Combiue the sugar and milk in an euamel saucepan and stir until they are dissolved. Then boil the candy without stirring until it reaches a temperature of 238° Fahrenheit, or the soft-ball stage when tried in cold water. Add the grated chocolate and the butter last. Cool and finish as above. Here are some variations:

Add ½ cup of walnuts or other preferred nut-meats, ⅓ cup of raisins, ½ cup of shredded cocoanut, ¾ cup of chopped stoned dates, or ¼ cup of finely cut preserved ginger.

Don't Kid Yourself

J. McD.

"IF you will pardon the vernacular," as the pedant would say, "it is permissible to kid others but don't ever kid yourself." Someone has said that it pays to be honest with your doctor and your lawyer. We would like to add that it pays to be honest with yourself—pays the very biggest dividends of any investmeut you eau make. You have to live with yourself, so be the kind of a person you like to live with. You remember the story about the girl who had a rip in her blouse. She was in a hurry to go somewhere but stopped to mend it. Someone said, "Why bother? No one can see it." "I know," she replied, "but I kuow it's there." You always know it's there—that is if you stop to think, but (and this is the serious part of it) it is possible to "kid yourself" aud, by frequent cheating of yourself, so cloud your own mind that yon rob it of its ability to analyze correctly, to see clearly.

Here yon are. Someone said you had neglected a duty. You had. But when it was reported to you the story was exaggerted. People who like to carry tales nearly always also enjoy exaggerating them. Theu you added other exaggerations, kidded yourself into thiuking you were much abused—"crushed" as

the school girl whose Professor said her term-paper must be in, told her friends. Why did you do it? First you wanted to cloud the issue; then you actually wanted to feel abused so that others might give you elaborate sympathy. You went out hunting for sympathy. Sympathy hunting is a dangerous chase at best and when you exaggerate your difficulties to get it, it most surely is not worth the bad mental reaction you've given yourself—not to mention the harm you are doing others. Truthfulness ought to be a consideration for the sake of others—but most really for your own sake. "Don't kid yourself." It isn't worthwhile.

"The Message of Seven Pines"

By G. N. Green, Superior

ON the eastern face of Horse Thief Canyon, the great granite crevice that hides Superior away from the rest of the world, scraggy pines creep out from the cracks in the rocks and bow in humble worship before seven stalwart evergreens that crown the summit of the world.

Often has the author looked up toward these trees and received inspiration. In order that other dwellers of the canyon may receive a bit of comfort from these great trees these lines have been contributed to the Union Pacific Coal Company Employes' magazine:

A sunset gilds a granite wall,
High toward the Maker,
Thousands of years
Its wrinkles speak
Of blizzards wild,
Of storms, of sleet.
The canyon has stood,
Staunch, without murmur,
Firm, the famous Sphinx
No firmer.
Battling every element,
Beating an angry firmament.
And like many another
Warrior bold,
Whose deeds are silent,
Though manifold,
Whose crest with age
Is silvery white,
So does this canyon
Wear helmet bright.
And nature has decked
This gray old wall,
As with laurel
We reckon each
Hero's call.

And on the snow-clad
Sun-kist crest,
Seven sturdy pines
As trophies rest.
Verdant always,
These giants stand,
Bearing this message
To youth and man:
"Staunch like
The grey wall
Should ye be.
Courageous for Right,
Toward Duty, free.
And when the snow
Rests on thy crown,
Some token of effort
Will speak thy renown."

Made Him Think

"When I read about the wonderful things connected with electricity, it makes me think."

"Wonderful thing, this electricity."

What It Costs

The October issue of System gives the experience of many concerns with salesmen's automobiles. The following table shows the cost of operation on 400 cars, most of which, it may be assumed, are of the lighter and lower cost type.

Expense Record of 400 Automobiles

District	Oil and Gas	Repairs and Replacements	Garage or Storage	Tires	Miscellaneous	*Total Cost Per Mile
Baltimore	$.0168	$.0155	$.0034	$.0056	$.0022	$.069
Boston	.0178	.0117	.0093	.0037	.0027	.077
New York	.0165	.0064	.0086	.0039	.0036	.068
Philadelphia	.0174	.0111	.0097	.0049	.0014	.076
Syracuse	.0188	.0146	.0081	.0047	.0040	.079
Atlanta	.0199	.0123	.0022	.0050	.0033	.072
Chicago	.0162	.0074	.0079	.0043	.0061	.070
Cincinnati	.0176	.0146	.0040	.0077	.0063	.081
Detroit	.0164	.0126	.0052	.0049	.0048	.073
Memphis	.0184	.0166	.0008	.0074	.0052	.077
Pittsburg	.0186	.0146	.0085	.0050	.0061	.084
Dallas	.0195	.0093	.0018	.0027	.0025	.077
Kansas City	.0173	.0143	.0017	.0054	.0023	.065
Minneapolis	.0177	.0102	.0043	.0057	.0031	.068
San Francisco	.0142	.0067	.0070	.0033	.0028	.066
Seattle	.0175	.0149	.0048	.0065	.0014	.075
St. Louis	.0182	.0148	.0046	.0073	.0030	.079
Average	.0180	.0130	.0047	.0056	.0036	.074

*Insurance and depreciation make up the difference between the total cost per mile and the sum of the expense listed in the preceding column.

A Year's Experience with 196 Cars

The following table in the System article gives a year's experience with 196 cars:

Make	Number of cars	Average Mileage per car	Cost per Mile
A	149	5,405	$.0665
B	12	5,336	.0672
C	15	4,919	.1050
D	20	4,770	.1080
All	196	5,299	.0729

—Street Car Topics.

Two Agreed on the Same Thing

An Irishman was sitting in a depot smoking, when a woman came in and, sitting down near him, said:

"Sir, if you were a gentleman, you would not smoke in here."

"Mum," replied the Irishman, "if you wuz a lady you would sit farther away."

Pretty soon the woman burst out again: "If you were my husband I'd give you poison."

"Well, mum, replied the Irishman as he smoked away at his pipe, "if you wuz me wife, I'd take it."

—Odd Fellow Herald.

(Continued from page 25)

If we want honest, efficient, loyal administration of public affairs, we may have it—but only by the development of a public interest in government, so enlightened that it will give support and encouragement to officials who are faithfully doing their duty, so vigilant and strict that it will not tolerate any betrayal of trust.

Ole Skjarsen's First Touchdown

Football as Played at Good Old Siwash

THERE died a few years ago, a much loved writer of short stories, George Fitch by name. During his brief career, little that was serious came from his flueut pen, but all his stories brimmed with life and laughter and the series known as, "At Good Old Siwash," lingers yet in the memory of his readers. The Siwash stories relate to life in a Middle West College, location uuknown; in fact Fitch disclaimed auy attempt toward siugling out any certain college, alleging instead that "Siwash isn't Michigan in disguise, it isn't Knox, it isn't Minuesota, etc., it's just Siwash, built with a typewriter out of memories and legends." In describing the location of this airy, neblous and half imagiuary collection of buildings, Fitch said: "I know as well as anything that to get to the Eta Bita Pie house, you go north from the old bricks, past the new science hall and past Browning Hall. But often when I start north from the campus, I find my way blocked by the stadium, and when I try to dodge it, I run into the Alfalfa Delt House and the Eatemalive boarding club, and other places which belong properly to the south." Siwash had a coach, Bost, who "was then in his 'steenth year" which briugs to mind another "perpetual" coach carried on the student roll of a little southwestern college until his hair began to gray, when a uew and ruthless College President suggested that Emmett N. go out into the world. This coach did go out, boasting in later years that he could address all the Presidents from Clevelaud to Wilsou in familiar terms, such was the measure of assurance he developed on the football field.

The story we will borrow for the entertainment of the boys and girls whose recollections of the games played in 1925 are fast slipping into the land of memory, describes what one valiant student did when stung to action by the lashings received from the tongue of Coach Bost.

"The Muggledorfers were a pruny-looking lot. We had the game won when our team came out and glared at them. Bost had filled most of the positious with regular young mammoths, and when you dressed them up in football armor they were enough to make a Dreadnought a little nervous. The Muggleses kicked off to our team, and for a few plays we plowed along five or ten yards at a time. Then Ole was given the ball. He went twenty-five yards. Any other man would have been erushed to earth in five. He just waded through the middle of the line aud went down the field, a moving mass of wriggliug meu. It was a wonderful play. They disinterred him at last and he started straight across the field for Bost.

"'Aye ent mean to stop, Master Bost,' he shonted. 'Dese fallers har, dey squash me down—'

"We hauled him into line and went to work again. Ole had performed so well that the captain called his signal again. This time I hope I may be roasted in a subway in Jnly if Ole didn't run twenty-five yards with four Muggledorfer men hanging on his legs. We stood up and yelled until our teeth ached. It took about five minutes to get Ole dug out, aud then he started for Bost again.

"'Honest, Master Bost, Ayo ent mean to stop,' he said imploringly. 'Aye yust tal you, dese fallers ban devils. Aye fule dem naxt time—'

"'Line up and shut up,' the captain shouted. The ball wasn't over twenty yards from the line, and as a matter of course the quarter shot it back to Ole. He put his head down, gave one mad-bull plunge, laid a windrow of Muggledorfer players out on either side, and shot over the goal line like a locomotive.

"We rose up to cheer a few lines, but stopped to stare. Ole didn't stop at the goal line. He didn't stop at the fence. He put up one hand, hurdled it, and disappeared across the campus like a young whirlwind.

"'He doesn't know euough to stop!' yelled Bost, rushing up to the fence. 'Hustle up, you fellows, and bring him back!'

"Three or four of us jnmped the fence, but it was a hopeless game. Ole was disappearing up the campus and across the street. The Muggledorfer team was nonplussed and sort of indignant. To be bowled over by a cyclone, and then to have said cycloue break up the game by running away with the ball was to them a new idea in football. It wasn't to those of us who knew Ole, however. Oue of us telephoued down to the **Leader** office where Hinckley, an old team man, worked, and asked him to head off Ole and send him back. Muggledorfer kindly consented to call time, and we started after the fugitive ourselves.

"Ten minutes later we met Hinckley downtown. He looked as if he had had a slight argument with a thirteeu-inch shell. He was also mad.

"'What was that you asked me to stop?' he snorted, pinning himself together. 'Was it a gorilla or a high explosive? When did you fellows begin importing steam rollers for the team? I asked him to stop. I ordered him to stop. Then I went around in front of him to stop him—and he ran right over me. I held on for thirty yards, but that's no way to travel. I could have gone to the next town just as well, though. What sort of a game is this, and what is that tow-headed holy terror bound for?'

"We gave the answer up, but we couldn't give up Ole. He was too valnable to lose. How to catch him was the sticker. Au awful uproar iu the street gave us an idea. It was Ted Harris in the only auto in town—one of the earliest brands of sneeze vehicles. In a minute more four of us were in, aud Ted was chiveying the thing up the street.

"If you've never chased an escaping fullback in one of those pioneer automobiles you've got something coming. Take it all aronnd, a good swift man, rnnniug all the time, conld almost keep ahead of one. We pumped up a tire, fixed a wire or two, and cranked up a few times; and the upshot of it was we were two miles out on the state road before we caught sight of Ole.

"He was trotting briskly when we caught up with him, the ball under his arm, and that patient, resigned expressiou on his face that he always had when Bost cussed him. 'Stop, Ole,' I yelled; 'this is no Marathon. Come back. Climb iu here with us.'

"Ole shook his head and let out a notch of speed.

"'Stop, you mullethead,' yelled Simpson above the roar of the auto—those old machines could roar some, too. 'What do you mean by running off with our ball? You're not supposed to do hare-and-hounds in football.'

"Ole kept on ruuning. We drove the car on ahead, stopped it across the road, and jumped out to stop him. When the attempt was over three of us picked up the fourth and put him aboard. Ole had tramped on us and had climbed over the auto.

"Force wouldu't do, that was plain. 'Where are you goiug, Ole?' we pleaded as we tore along beside him.

"'Aye eut know,' he panted, laboring up a hill; 'das ban fule game, Aye tenk.'

"'Come on back aud play some more,' we urged. 'Bost won't like it, your running all over the country this way.'

"'Das ban my orders,' panted Ole. 'Aye ent no fule, yeutlemeu; Aye kuow ven Aye ban doing right teng. Mast Bost he say "Keep on ruuning!" Aye gass I run till hal freeze on top. Aye ent know why. Master Bost he know, I tenk.'

"'This is awful,' said Lambert, the manager of the team. 'He's taken Bost literally again—the chump. He'll ruu till he lands up in those pine woods again. Aud that ball cost the association five dollars. Besides, we want him. What are we going to do?'

"'I know,' I said. 'We're going back to get Bost. I guess the man who started him can stop him.'

"We left Ole still plugging north and ran back to town. The game was still hanging fire. Bost was tearing his hair. Of course, the Muggledorfer fellows conld have insisted on playing, but they weren't anxious. Ole or no Ole, we could have walked all over them, and they knew it. Besides, they were having too much fun with Bost. They were sitting around, Indian-like, in their blankets, and every three minutes their captain would go and ask Bost with perfect politeness whether he thought they had better continne the game there or move it on to the next town in time to eateh his fullback as he came through.

"'Of course, we are in no hurry,' he would explain pleasantly; 'we're just here for amusement, anyway; and it's as much fun watching you try to eatch your players as it is to get scored on. Why don't you hobble them, Mr. Bost? A fifty-yard rope wouldn't interfere much with that gay young Percheron of yours, and it would save you lots of time rounding him up. Do you have to use a lariat when you put his harness on?'

"Fancy Bost having to take all that conversation with no adequate reply to make. When I got there he was blue in the face. It didn't take him half a second to decide what to do. Telling the captain of the Siwash team to go ahead and play if Muggledorfer insisted, and on no account to use that 32 double-X play except on first downs, he jumped into the machine and we started for Ole.

"There were no speed records in those days. Wouldn't have made any difference if there were. Harris just turned on all the juice his old double-opposed motor could soak up, and when we hit the wooden crossings on the outskirts of town we fellows in the tonneau went up so high that we changed sides coming down. It wasn't over twenty minutes till we sighted a little cloud of dust just beyond a little town to the north. Pretty soon we saw it was Ole. He was still doing his six miles per. We caught up and Bost hopped out, still mad.

"'Where in Billy-be-blamed are you going, you human trolley car?' he spluttered, sprinting along beside Skjarsen. 'What do you mean by breaking up a game in the middle and vamoosing with the ball? Do you think we're going to wiu this game in mileage? Turn around, you chump, and climb into this car.'

"Ole looked aronnd him sadly. He kept on running as he did. 'Aye ent eare to stop,' he said. 'Aye kent suit you, Master Bost. You tal me Aye skoll du a teng, den you cuss me for duing et. You tal me not to du a teng and you cuss me some more den. Aye tenk I yust keep ou a-running, lak yu tal me tu last night. Et ent so hard bein' cussed ven you ban running.'

"'I tell you to stop, you potato-top,' gasped Bost. By this time he was fifteen yards behind and losing at every step. He had wasted too much breath on oratory. We picked him up in the car and set him alongside of Ole again.

"'See here, Ole, I'm tired of this,' he said, sprinting up by him again. 'The game's waiting. Come on back. You're making a fool of yourself.'

"'Eny teng Aye du Aye ban beeg fule,' said Ole gloomily. 'Aye yust keep on ruunin'. Fallers ent got breath to call me fule ven Aye run. Aye tenk das best vay.'

"We picked Bost up again thirty yards behind. Maybe he would have run better if he hadn't choked so in his conversation. In another minute we landed him abreast of Ole again. He got out and sprinted for the third time. He wabbled as he did it.

"'Ole, he panted, 'I've been mistaken in you. You are all right, Ole. I never saw a more intelligent fellow. I won't cuss you any more, Ole. If you'll stop now we'll take you back in an automobile—hold on there a minute; can't you see I'm all out of breath?'

"'Aye ban gude faller, den?' asked Ole, letting out another link of speed.

"'You are a'—puff-puff—'peach, Ole,' gasped Bost. 'I'll'—puff-puff—'never cuss you again. Please'—puff-puff—'stop! Oh, hang it, I'm all in.' And Bost sat dowu in the road.

"A hundred yards on we noticed Ole slacken speed. 'It's sinking through his skull,' said Harris eagerly. In another minute he had stopped. We picked up Bost again and ran up to him. He surveyed us long and critically.

"'Das ban qveer masheen,' he said finally. 'Aye tenk Aye lak Aye skoll be riding back in it. Aye ent eare for das futball game, Aye gass. It ban tu much runniug iu it.'

"We took Ole back to town in twenty-two minutes, three chickens, a dog and a back spring. It was close to five o'clock when he ran out on the field again. The Muggledorfer team was still waiting. Time was no object to them. They would only play ten minutes, but iu that ten minutes Ole made three scores. Five substitutes stood back of either goal and asked him with great politeness to stop as he tore over the line. And he did it. If any oue else had run six miles between halves he would have stopped a good deal short of the line. Bnt as far as we could see, it hadn't winded Ole.

"Bost went home by himself that night after the game, not stopping even to assure us that as a team we were beneath his contempt. The next afternoon he was, if anything, a little more vitriolic than ever—but not with Ole. Toward the middle of the signal practice he pulled himself together and touched Ole gently.

"'My dear Mr. Skjarsen,' he said apologetically, 'if it will not annoy you too much, would you mind running the same way the rest of the team does? I don't insist on it, mind you, but it looks so much better to the audieuce, you know.'

"'Jas,' said Ole, 'Aye ban fule, Aye gass, but yu ban tu polite to say it.'"

The Days of the Month

"The Days of the Month" is a useful bit of doggerel that we need all through life. It is anouymous.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone.
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year—that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

—Old Song.

Jackson's Hole and "Dude Ranching"

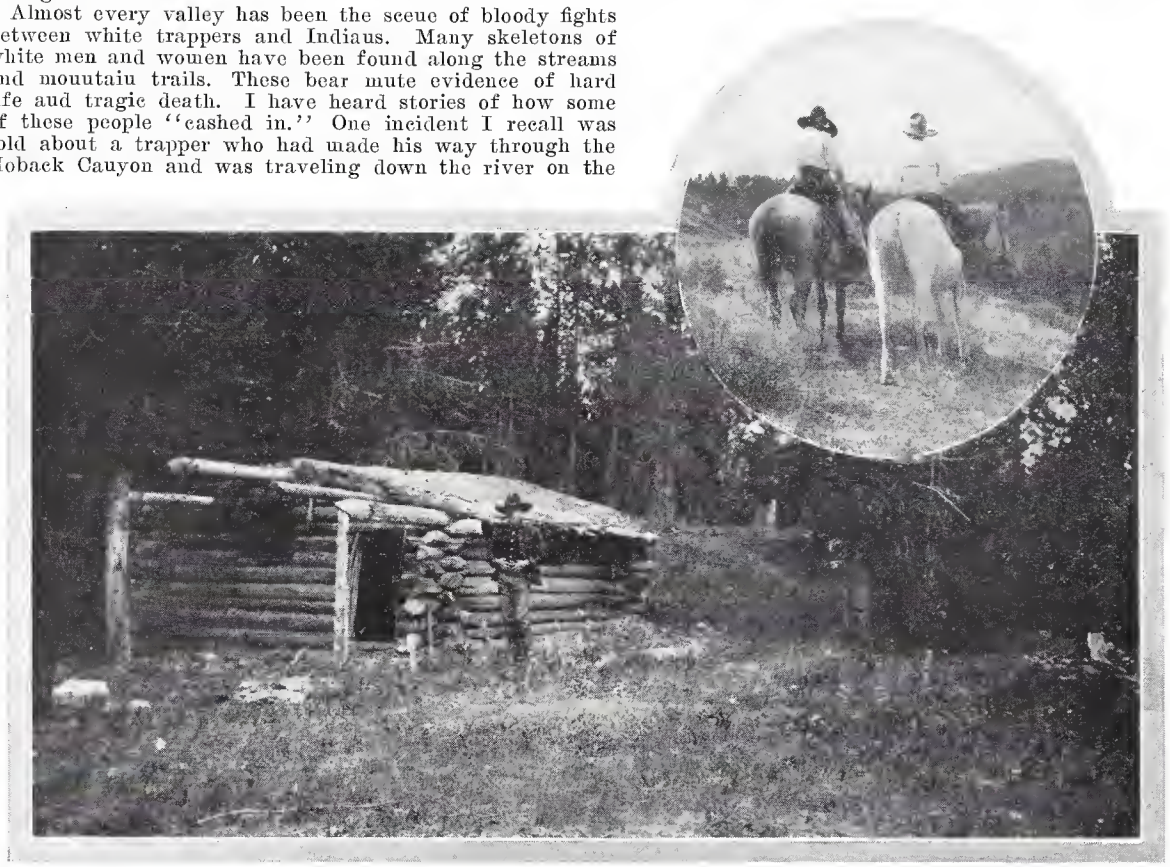
By Wallace E. Hiatt

THIRTY-FIVE miles north of Pinedale, Wyoming, on a line running generally east and west and extending north to the Yellowstone Park, is a wild and picturesque mountain wilderness, often characterized as "The Last of the Old West." I refer to the Jackson's Hole country and adjacent regions which lie west of the continental divide and south of our greatest of National Parks, the Yellowstone. A large area of broken country, completely surrounded by the high, densely forested Teton, Hoback, Gros Ventre and Wind River mountains—the horizon punctuated on every side by the most spectacular peaks in the world—Jackson's Hole represents a mountain empire of such magnificent scenic beauty as to be beyond the power of pen to describe. This wilderness region is also the habitat of the greatest variety of wild life to be found on the North American Continent. Famous for its scenery, its elk herds, its hundreds of miles of trout streams and its incomparable lakes it is rapidly becoming the playground of outdoor Americans.

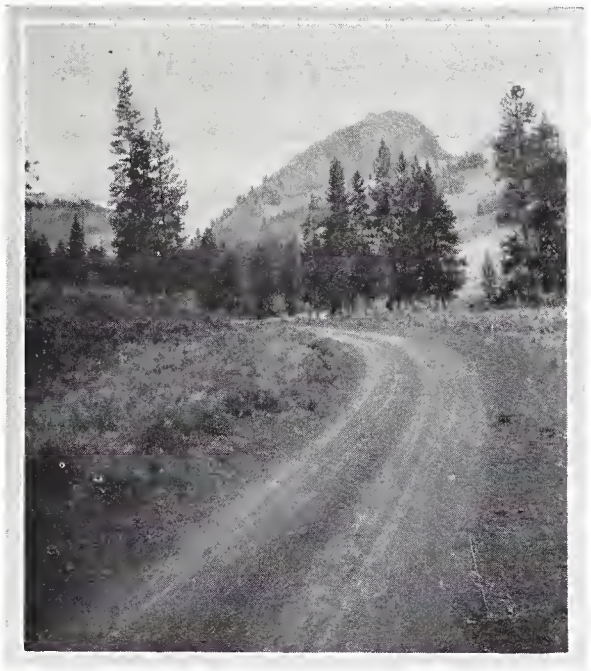
The early history of this region—if written—would rival the most romantic of our present day western novels for genuine thrills. The first trails were blazed into and through the Jackson's Hole country by trappers and fur traders. Such picturesque characters as the Sublette Brothers, John Coulter and Captain Bonneville were among the first white men to brave the peril of treacherous Indians and the long hard winters for the wealth of furs to be had for the taking.

Almost every valley has been the scene of bloody fights between white trappers and Indians. Many skeletons of white men and women have been found along the streams and mountain trails. These bear mute evidence of hard life and tragic death. I have heard stories of how some of these people "cashed in." One incident I recall was told about a trapper who had made his way through the Hoback Canyon and was traveling down the river on the north side when he heard strange cries from across the stream. Approaching the river bank to ascertain the source of the sounds he saw a lone white woman on the other side. In those days the white trappers and traders did not bring their womanfolk west of the frontier settlements along the Mississippi and a white woman in this wilderness was unknown. The trapper, fearing an ambush from Indians and being somewhat superstitious besides, ignored her entreaties for help and went on his way. Years afterward the skeleton of a white woman was found several miles below the banks of Snake River. The woman probably had been captured by Indians in one of their raids far to the east and carried to this remote spot. The skeleton of another white woman was found by the earliest settlers on the side of a mountain to the east of the present town of Jackson. How these women came into this wilderness so many hundreds of miles from the neareset settlement will always remain a mystery.

From the notes and letters of Capt. Bonneville we learn how a party of five trappers were returning east from their headquarters in Pierre's Hole (now named Teton Basin) when they were ambushed by an overwhelming number of Indians about where the town of Jackson now stands. All but one of the white men were killed. Capt. Bonneville found the remains late the same summer and buried them along the banks of the stream now known as Cache Creek. The last trouble in Jackson's Hole between the Indians and



An early day cabin, located at the upper end of String Lakes, Jackson's Hole Country. Insert: Youngsters of all ages gather a large amount of pleasure and health from life and activity On the Dude Ranches, of which horse-back riding forms a considerable part.



"Battle Mountain" in Hoback Canyon. Scene of last Indian trouble in Jackson's Hole.

white men occurred within the memory of the present generation. The early settlers sought to stop the annual slaughter of elk and antelope by the Indians. Much fighting ensued and the Indians were rounded up near what is now called Battle Mountain in Hoback Canyon.

The next phase in the life and development of the region came with the outlaws. Desperate characters, driven from society, were quick to take advantage of this vast wilderness hiding place and it soon became notorious as an outlaw stronghold. There followed many years of cattle rustling and horse stealing. Bitter and bloody fueds were fought out among themselves and with their more law-abiding neighbors. There are still many people in this country who think of Jackson's Hole as a hang-out of "bad men." A very popular novel was written a few years ago by Owen Wister, dealing with this phase of the life of the region.

Outlawry was gradually crowded out by the forces of law and order. Honest cattlemen made horse and cattle stealing a very dangerous and unprofitable business. Then came the homesteader or "nester" as he was termed a few years ago. His trials and troubles were many and varied. The big cowman resented his intrusion and blocked him at every turn. That is all over now, however, and he shares the range with the big cattle man and gathers his little herd in the same roundup with the man who formerly considered him very "unnecessary."

Today, in this region so rich in the romance and history of the past a new kind of ranch has developed. Preserving all the picturesque features of the early day ranch and life, with most of the hardships and undesirable features eliminated. This is the Dude Ranch. It is the outgrowth of that desire in most of us for recreative activities typically American. Physically a dude ranch is an ordinary ranch amplified to meet the requirements of accommodating several people over a period of weeks and months. In many cases the dude ranches are cattle ranches that have added the extra buildings and other equipment necessary to take care of summer guests. Some ranches have been "made to order" for the purpose.

Before going further with this unique development of Wyoming ranch life, I will define the word "Dude" in the sense in which it is used here. Howard Eaton really originated the dude business as a business and invented the word "Dude" as it applies to ranching about thirty-seven years ago. The word means someone not a resident in the country who pays money to spend a few weeks or months on a ranch or who hires a guide to take him on a big game hunt or a pack trip to the more remote places not accessible by road. The man or woman from New York, California or Colorado, spending a vacation in the Wyoming mountains is a dude just as is the man or woman from Wyoming a dude to the Idaho, Montana or Arizona dude ranches.

A dude ranch is not a summer hotel or boarding house, much as it may seem like one or the other to the uninitiated. Most of the ranches have a number of detached log cabins of varying sizes which the dudes occupy as their private sleeping quarters. Meals are usually served in real ranch style and everybody dines together at a long table in the ranch dining room. One of the main points of interest to the dude, next to the dining room about meal time, is the large living room with its huge old-fashioned fire place. The activities of each day on a dude ranch usually originate and end before the crackling log fire. Everybody gathers here to chat over the happenings of the day and to plan for the next. Here dude and dude wrangler tell stories and relate experiences. There is a certain amount of lying incident to life in this wild and more or less wooly region but it doesn't hurt anybody and helps a lot, to pass the time. Cowboys relate everyday occurrences in their lives and hold their audience spellbound. One evening last summer a cowpuncher startled his listeners with the story of how he had taken a dude out elk hunting for a number of days in succession and how he had succeeded several times in placing his guest within shooting distance of some nice specimens. Each time the dude failed to shoot until too late. Finally, in desperation, the cowboy roped a bull elk and snubbed him to a convenient tree. The procrastinating hunter was then brought around and told to "take his time." The evenings on a dude ranch are always interesting and never forgotten, especially by the younger guests.

The dude wrangler has his troubles. He is usually a ranch owner, horseman, cowman, guide, wholesale chambermaid, cook and storekeeper lumped into one. Whether he accommodates fifteen or fifty, he cannot hope to get so many people together of the same temperament and with the same likes and dislikes. A great deal of tact and diplomacy is required to keep

(Please turn to page 33)

The side of ranch life the dude does not see. With snow five feet deep, the twice-weekly mail arrives in Hoback Basin by dog teams from December until April.

Girls' Hearthfire Circle

Girl Scout News

HERE'S lovely news for us all. Two new troops have been organized in our district recently. At the Washington School Miss Della Ryan is Captain of a troop, with thirty members, which meets at the school every Wednesday afternoon. Miss Mary Young is First Lieutenant and Ruth Lafflin is Second Lieutenant. We all wish the new troop the best sort of success. It's most bound to be a good troop with Miss Sholty for sponsor.

Then at Dines, with Mrs. Gilbert Davis as Captain and fourteen wonderful girls, is the very first troop of Scouts Dines has ever had. Scout Virginia Davis of the Owlettes will help the leaders.

At Superior:

The Girl Scouts of Superior now take entire care of the school flag, raising it at 8:30 and holding retreat at 3:30. The Superior girls are teaching their town how to care for the flag properly, too. On the evening of Armistice Day one of their patrol leaders saw that several people had neglected to take their flags down. No captain or officer was to be found but this patrol leader got a gronp of the girls and together they went to the negligent folks and offered to take their flags down for them. One lady was alone and ill and was so glad to have the girls do it for her. This troop took in five candidates for membership from South Superior at their last meeting.

Winton:

The things one hears about the Winton troop are always delightful. It made and dressed some thirty dolls as its contribution to the Christmas of the Children's hospital. Miss Lucille Finney is the new leader and Mr. Archie Auld is teaching the troop first aid and the girls say they mean to get the trip offered to the best first aid team.

Reliance:

Reliance scouts took a census of the children in town as their part in the Community Christmas program. Recently we were calling at a home there when, busily talking with our hostess we heard, "We're the Girl Scouts and Santa asked us to find out how many children are here," in a sweet, gentle voice. Reliance girls put on a very fine first aid demonstration last spring. They could make a fine showing in a contest.

Troops No. IV and No. VII, with Captains Mrs. R. Burt and Mrs. Adrian Reynolds, sang Christmas carols at the Woman's Club Christmas program, December 12th.

Troop VI, at the Washington school, put on a beautiful Christmas operetta for their parents and friends.

Miss Merle McCall, biology teacher at Rock Springs High School, gave the Owlettes a lecture on birds and flowers at the Union Pacific Club on December 13th.

Troop IV sang carols at the hospital on Christmas Eve. Troop IV went up last Christmas Eve, too, in spite of the stormy weather.

Resolutions for Girls

Offered by Misses Dills and Creek of Rock Springs High School.

1.
That I will keep my body in the best possible condition by exercise in the fresh air, proper food, and regular hours of sleep.

2.
That I will spend my money only for necessary, useful or beautiful things.

3.
That I will endeavor to make only kind remarks to and about others.

4.
That I will make myself as useful as it is possible for me to be.

5.
That I will strive to be cheerful at all times.

6.
That I will read books that help to prepare me for a life of usefulness.

7.
That I will be clean and neat in my personal appearance.

8.
That I will make the best of the precious moments given me by my Maker.

9.
That I will be true to myself and truthful to others.

10.
That I will allow myself to think only pure and uplifting thoughts.

Balanced Meals for Scouts to Prepare

ALL over the country Girl Scouts observed Friday of National Girl Scout week as the day on which they cooked the dinner in their homes, when mother had a rest. Doctor Letha Morrison, who is captain of the Indians, planned three menus for us, suggesting them as properly balanced meals which we might, if we wished, use for our dinner. There are some Scouts outside of Rock Springs who did not get these so we print them now for all of us:

I.

Meat and Vegetable Stew,
Fruit Salad,
Bran Muffins,
Butter and Jam,
Rice Pudding with Raisins or Baked Custard,
Milk or Cocoa.

II.

Salmon Loaf or other Fish,
Stewed Tomatoes,
Baked Potatoes,
Wholewheat Bread or Graham Bread,
Butter,
Baked Apple with Cream,
Milk or Cocoa.

III.

Hamberger Steak,
Brown Gravy,
Mashed Potatoes,
Buttered Beets,
Rye Bread,
Butter,
Canned Pineapple and Vanilla Wafers,
Milk or Cocoa.

(Continued from page 31)

everybody doing just what they like to do best, without letting them know they are being wrangled or "herded." There is plenty of downright hard work, excitement and action on a dude ranch. From the time the horse-wrangler gathers in his herd in the frosty hours of early morning until the last guest retires at night, there is something doing.

A dude ranch vacation is a wonderful restorative to a people who have worked or played too hard and been jostled too much in the noisy throng of modern city life. Ranch life is not for men alone. Women, too, may draw new health and strength from the silent hills and fragrant pine forests. Before the evening log fire on every dude ranch a goodly number of women, garbed in knickers and sport clothes, will "swap yarns" or listen in with husbands or brothers. They may ride, tramp, fish or hunt with the same freedom as their male relatives. As for the youngsters, this country was made for them. Some of the most picturesque ranches are for boys and young men exclusively. They ride with the cowboys, assist in the roundups, go on pack trips into a wild country where they do the packing, horse wrangling and camp making. At the ranch a boy will retire at seven-thirty and be out at four in the morning who couldn't be induced to go to bed before eleven or get up before eight in the city. Such is the life. It is altogether an interesting and romantic business and it provides interest and health aplenty for those who partake of the hospitality of the dude ranches.

Theological Item

Parson—"You love to go to Sunday school, don't you, Robert?"

Bobby—"Yes, sir."

Parson—"What do you expect to learn to-day?

Bobby—"The date of the picnic."

SOME SMILES

Unusual

Doctor (examining unconscious engineer)—"Did that automobile hit this engine?"

Fireman—"No, the driver slowed up to let the train go by and the engineer fainted."

Matter Enough

Contributor—"What's the matter with those jokes I sent you?"

Ed—"Well, some of them I've seen before. The rest I haven't seen yet."

Let Others Worry

Anxious Wife: Abie, have you done anything about that horrible Black Hand letter?"

Abie: "Oh, ain't I, though. I turned it over to my insurance company. They got $20,000 tied up in me; let them worry."—Moorestown Star.

Clever

Conductor—"Is that child eight years old, madam?"

Lady—"Oh, no. He's only seven."

Conductor—"Then you must pay his fare. Only children under six ride gratis."

How Complications Start

Diffbill (reading paper): "Man eats wife's cake, then goes to hospital."

Billdiff: "Stomach trouble, or did the poor fool make some remark about it?"—Judge.

Difference

Liza—"Does yo' allow yo' husban' to shoot craps?"

Lulu—"Not in my official capacity as wife and de mother of his chillun, ah does't, but as a sharer of his joys and sorrows, Ah 'courages him when his luck am runnin' right."

The Finishing Touches

"Mother," said a little boy after coming from a walk. "I've seen a man who makes horses."

"Are you sure?" asked his mother.

"Yes," he replied. "He had a horse nearly finished when I saw him; he was just nailing on his back feet."—Our Dumb Animals.

A Great Country

"This is sure a great country," said the recently arrived Swede lumberjack. "The foreman just told me you could buy a $5 money order for 3 cents."

A Substitute

A man went into Cohen's book store and asked: "Have you a copy of 'Who's Who and What's What,' by Jerome K. Jerome?"

Cohen replied: "No, sir, but ve got 'Who's Who and Vat's He Got,' by Bradstreet."

Effective

A Scot applied for a position as patrolman on the Seattle police force. Here is a question they put to him and his answer:

"Suppose, MacFarland, you saw a crowd congregated at a certain point on your beat how would you disperse it, quickly with the least trouble?"

"I would pass the hat."—Pacific Coast Bulletin.

Our Little Folks

Lazy Jack

ONCE upon a time there was a boy whose name was Jack, and he lived with his mother in a little house on the borders of a village. They were very poor and the woman kept busy day in and day out at her spinning-wheel; but Jack did no work at all. He would lie in the sunshine when the weather was warm, and when the weather was cold he would sit beside the fire.

Time passed along and jack grew to be a young man, but still his mother could not get him to do anything for her, and finally, just after breakfast one Monday morning, when she was beginning her spinning and Jack had settled himself comfortably in the chimney-corner, she said to him, "Jack, unless you begin to work I shall turn you out of the house for good and all, and you will have to get your living as best you may."

Lazy Jack did not care to run the risk of losing his home. "The only safe thing for me to do," thought he, "is to find a job at once," and he got up and went to a neighboring woodcutter and hired himself for the day. When evening came the woodcutter gave the lad a penny for his services, and Jack set off for home well satisfied; but he had never had money before and he handled it so carelessly that in crossing a narrow foot-bridge over a brook he dropped the penny into the water. The brook was deep, yet he could see the penny lying on the bottom and he poked about with a stick hoping to get it out. He only stirred up the mud, and soon the penny was hopelessly lost. Then Jack went on home and told his mother what had happened.

"You stupid boy!" said she, "you should have put it in your pocket."

"I'll do so next time," said Jack.

On Tuesday morning Jack went and hired himself to a dairyman. When evening came the dairyman gave him a quart pail full of milk for his services. "Now," said Jack, "I must not lose this milk as I did my penny. Mother told me I should have put what I got in my pocket, and I will this time. My jacket pockets are large and deep, and I think the pail will go in very well."

So he put the pail of milk into one of his jacket pockets and walked off home; and by the time he got there the milk was all spilled.

"Dear me!" said his mother, "you should have carried it on your head."

"I'll do so next time," said Jack.

On Wednesday morning Jack went and hired himself to a farmer. When evening came the farmer gave him a cream cheese for his services. "Now," said Jack, "I must not lose this cheese as I did the milk yesterday. Mother told me I should have carried what I got on my head, and I will this time."

So he took the cheese and put it on his head; but the day was warm, and the cheese melted, and some of it dropped off along the way and the rest was matted in his hair.

"You foolish fellow," said his mother, "you should have carried it in your hands."

"I'll do so next time," said Jack.

On Thursday morning Jack went and hired himself to a baker. When evening came the baker gave him a large tom-cat for his services. "Now," said Jack, "I must not lose this tom-cat as I did the cream cheese yesterday. Mother told me I should have carried what I got in my hands, and I will this time."

So he took up the cat and carried it along in his hands; but pussy began to scratch, and the tighter he gripped it the worse it clawed, until he had to let it go. As soon as he reached home Jack told his mother how the cat got away, and she said, "You silly lad, you should have tied it with a string and dragged it along after you."

"I'll do so next time," said Jack.

On Friday morning Jack went and hired himself to a butcher. When evening came the butcher gave him a nice leg of mutton for his services. "Now," said Jack, "I must not lose this mutton as I did the tom-cat yesterday. Mother told me I should have tied a string to what I got and dragged it along after me, and I will this time."

So he tied a string to the leg of mutton and dragged it along after him in the dirt, and when he got home he found the mutton was spoiled. His mother was more out of patience with him than ever. "You ninny-hammer," said she, "you should have carried it on your shoulder."

"I'll do so next time," said Jack.

On Saturday Jack went and hired himself to a cattle-keeper. When evening came the cattle-keeper rewarded him for his services with a little donkey that was too old to be of any more use on the farm. "Now," said Jask, "I must not lose this donkey as I did that leg of mutton yesterday. Mother told me I should have carried what I got on my shoulder, and I will this time."

Jack was a stout fellow, and after considerable trouble he succeeded in hoisting the donkey on his shoulders and started for home. As it happened, he had to pass the mansion of a rich man whose only daughter was deaf and dumb. She had never laughed in her life, and the doctors said unless she was made to laugh she could not hope to have either speech or hearing to the end of her days. So everything was was done that could be thought of to make her laugh, but nothing was accomplished. At last the father proclaimed that the first man who succeeded in making his daughter laugh should have her for his wife.

When Jack came along with the donkey on his shoulders the young lady was looking out of the window, and the sight was so strange and comical that she began to laugh very heartily, and immediately she could speak and hear. Her father was overjoyed, and he sent for Jack and told him how things were, and Jack married the daughter and was thus made a rich gentleman. He and his wife had a beautiful home, and Jack's mother lived with them in great happiness for the rest of her days.

—Old English Tale—From Oak Tree Collection.

Love Between Brothers and Sisters

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out and chide and fight.

—Isaac Watts.

News About All Of Us

Rock Springs

Obie Powell and family have moved in from Superior and have taken a house on No. 1 Hill.

Mrs. Chas. Morgan, of Superior, has been visiting friends in Rock Springs.

John Charles Borzea, son of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Borzea, Rock Springs, at fourteen months.

Louis Bozner had his right leg badly bruised while at work in No. 4 Mine on December 7th.

Several of the young people attended the dance at Winton that was given by the Commuuity Council.

Mrs. D. C. Davis was confined to her home the past ten days with an attack of la grippe.

Mrs. Ed Brooks is visiting with friends in Hanna.

Percy Roberts of Rawlins spent Thanksgiving with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Roberts.

Mike Radovich received slight injuries to his back while at work in No. 2 Mine on December 8th.

Joseph Iredale has returned from Idaho Falls where he spent Thanksgiving with relatives.

The many friends of Albert Zuick were sorry to learn of his death, which occurred in Kemmerer on November 20th from pneumonia. He was formerly employed in Nos. 4 and 8 mines.

Mrs. Axel Johnson is recovering from a bad attack of la grippe.

D. C. Foote has purchased a Dodge sedan.

Mrs. John Barwick of Superior has been visiting with friends.

Ed Walsh had his ankle badly bruised while at work on the tipple at "E" Plane on November 30th.

Mrs. Chas. E. Swann has returned from Denver, where she has been visiting with her mother the past month.

Mrs. George Carr has been ill at her home on Second Street for the past two weeks.

Mrs. E. W. Hollingshead of Lyman has been visiting with her sister, Mrs. August Gras.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Preece recently entertained Mr. and Mrs. Dave Faddis and Mr. and Mrs. George H. Blackledge at a radio party.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Outsen visited with their daughter, Mrs. V. J. Keeler, in Kemmerer.

Mrs. Thos. A. Kruger is recovering from a serious illness at her home on Rainbow Ave.

Mrs. H. L. Mooney left for the home of her parents in Missouri, where she expects to visit for the next mouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clark entertained Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Crofts at a Thanksgiving dinner.

W. J. Rodda was confined to his home for a week with the flu.

Howard Young has returned to work on the tipple at "E" Plane, having recovered from a fractured ankle which occured last June.

Mrs. Jasper McClennan and children of Superior have been visiting with friends and relatives the past week.

Thomas Overy has gone to Salt Lake City to receive treatment for an injnry to his eye.

Joe Dyett is recovering from an injury received while at work in No. 2 Mine.

Mrs. Wm. Matthews of Snperior has been visiting with friends.

Mrs. Thos. H. Thomas has purchased a fine radio set.

Joe Santich had his left leg brnised by a pick while at work in No. 8 Mine on December 9th.

Ed Overy and family of Superior have been visiting here.

It is a matter of tremendous satisfaction to all of us to have Ed. Prieshoff back again, looking very well and evidently quite recovered from what threatened to be a serious eye difficulty.

We bnmped into Dorothy Leslie, of the Anditor's office, in a dusky hall the other day—to find that Dorothy had changed to Peggy Converse. Twins is twins.

Someone sent us word that Mr. R. R. Knill, of the Engineering Department, was suspected by his friends, of having a feminine reason for his extraordinary eagerness for trips to Cnmberland.

Congratulations are being offered to Mr. Ray Bottomley of the Engineering Department, whose marriage to Miss Julia Golliher took place at the home of the bride's parents in Rock Springs recently. Mr. Robert Blondin supported Bottomley as groomsman while Miss Harriet Ontsen was bridesmaid. The Bottomley's are at home to their friends ou Pine Street. We wish them many happy years.

The atteution of the Safety Department is called to the accident hazard contingent upon Mr. Jefferis' hasty catching (?) of trains. Perhaps it might be well to install a toboggan slide from his office to the depot.

Mr. Happy Harrington says he very much enjoyed his trip to San Francisco—or rather that he would have if he'd had his car along. He missed his Ford.

Cumberland

Jnnior Brown, who has been ill for some time, is much improved.

Anna Titmus, who had a slight operation at the L. C. M. Hospital, is home again.

Mrs. Wright Walker, who has been ill during the month, is able to be out again.

Word has been received of the death of Mr. James Roughley iu England, October 5th.

Mr. Martin Rinta, timber man at No. 1 Mine, died at Soda Springs, December 5th.

Mr. Jas. Draycott, and Mrs. S. Moore, were on the sick list during the month.

The members of the L. D. S. Church gave a farewell party to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Williams, who left December 1st to make their home in Hobble Creek, Utah.

The many friends of Mr. Roy Williams gave a farewell party for him at his home and presented him with a chest of silver. Mr. G. A. Brown was pianist, Mr. Wright Walker and Mr. Geo. Benson were the soloists for the evening.

Mrs. W. W. Williams has moved into the house vacated by her son, Roy.

Mr. Geo. Blacker, Jr., has moved into the house vacated by Mrs. W. W. Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Dodds and son, Tommie, visited in Rock Springs during the month.

Johnnie Wasco is on the sick list with an injured hand.

Mrs. Percy Morrison entertained the Merrymakers Club during the month.

Mrs. Frank Berrier, Mrs. Jno. Campbell, Mrs. Lawrence Williams and Mrs. Con Rock entertained the card clnb during the month.

Mr. G. A. Brown was a business visitor in Rock Springs during the month.

Young Mike Jetkoski was accidently shot in the leg December 5th. We all wish Mike a speedy recovery.

A masquerade dance was given at No. 1 Hall during the month. Prizes were given for the best comic costumes. Mrs. Ruth McLean as a bride and Jim Reese as a peg-leg tramp won the prizes.

Mrs. Jas. Rollins and little daughter are visiting in Lyman.

The Relief Society of the L. D. S. Church had a pleasant snrprise party on Mrs. L. Rowbottom on November 24th, Mrs. Rowbottom being the oldest member in Cnmberland Ward.

The Misses Julia and Mary Fabian of Kemmerer spent Thanksgiving with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Fabian.

Mrs. Delelanda, who is suffering with rheumatism, left for Lava Hot Springs on November 22nd. Her many friends wish her a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Lake and children of New Mexico are visiting with her mother, Mrs. Rachel Ballantyne.

Mr. and Mrs. Saddler and family of Glenco spent a recent week-end with Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Edwards.

Miss Nettie Morocco has entered the L. C. M. hospital to train to become a nurse. We all wish her success and know where we'll be able to find a good nurse by and by.

Reliance

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Wilson, formerly of Superior, will make their home in Sand Camp. Mr. Wilson is fire boss of Mine 1.

Harry Fitchett, who was confined to his bed with an attack of tonsilitis, has returned to work.

Jay Walker and his bride, formerly Miss Yedinak of Rock Springs, are now living in Sand Camp.

Neil Harrigan, Sr., is back from a two weeks sojourn in the Wyoming General Hospital.

The new school building is nearing completion. Plnmbers are installing the heating plant and the plasterers will soon begin the finishing of the inner walls.

Miss Rana Hardin continues to be very ill at the teacher's home in Sand Camp. Mrs. Floyd Roberts is conducting her classes during her absence from the school room.

Mrs. Jack Portwood entertained at cards in farewell to Mrs. Meldrim and son, Edgar, who are leaving to make their home in Nevada.

Mrs. Russell Scholl is visiting with her parents in Hanna.

Chas. Deane, of the store force, is back to work again after a short illness.

The baseball grounds below sand Camp are being converted into a skating pond by means of earthen dykes bnilt to hold the mine water now flowing over the field.

Mr. Lawrence, formerly at Superior, is now with the Reliance office in place of John Reese, recently moved to Superior.

Hanna

Pat McCue, night watchman at the mines, returned from Newark, New Jersey, on November 30th, to which place he had been called by the serious illness of his niece, Mrs. Frederick Harris.

The entire community was shocked and grieved to learn of the sudden death at Excelsior Springs, Missouri, of J. J. Mitchell. Mr. Mitchell was an old time resident of Carbon and Hanna, having been employed as locomotive engineer by the Railroad Company for many years and retired on a pension about two years ago. Funeral services were held at the Catholic Church at Cheyenne on December 1st, and his remains brought to Laramie and laid beside those of his wife who died here a number of years ago. Deceased is survived by a sister, two sons and two daughters, all residing at Cheyenne. Hanna friends attending the burial ceremonies at Laramie where Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cardwell, Mr. and Mrs. Ivor Christensen, Charles Fink and Ivan Winchell, the last two named representing the Railroad Company.

Howard and Raymond Mitchell, sons of the late J. J. Mitchell, were Hanna visitors on December 12th, attending to matters in connection with the estate of their father.

Mrs. Charles Anderton, and seven children, departed for their old home in England, on December 8th. The departure of this family and the means to maintain them in their native land was made possible by the provisions of the Compensation Law, the Union Pacific Railroad, The Union Pacific Coal Company and their many friends. We all wish them a safe journey.

Austin O'Malley has returned from a pleasant visit with his children at Tono, Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Ford, of the Hanna Hotel, accompanied by Mrs. T. D. Mangan, motored to Rawlins on December 8th.

W. W. Hughes visited in Cheyenne during the week ending December 12th, attending the Consistory Reunion.

Miss Janel McKercher, teacher in our schools, is convalescing from an operation for appendicitis and will soon be able to resume her duties.

Dr. and Mrs. Harold Finch visited in Denver for a few days the early part of December.

Mrs. T. H. Butler visited in Rawlins Monday, December 7th, with her daughter Mrs. R. J. Sholl, returning home Monday evening and reporting the arrival of a grandson at Memorial Hospital.

Hanna Aerie No. 1919, Lodge of Eagles, held their fifteenth annual ball at the opera house on December 5th, the same being well attended and a jolly good time reported.

The First Aid Club gave their regular monthly dance and lunch at First Aid Hall on Saturday evening, December 5th.

The Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church gave a chicken supper at First Aid Hall, Saturday, December 12th.

Mrs. Joseph Briggs is spending a few weeks visiting with relatives in California.

Charles Higgins, Sr., and son Arthur, of Rawlins, and Mrs. Charles Ehrenfield of Rawlins, attended the funeral of Mrs. James Attryde on December 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fredericks of Laramie, and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bateman of Rock Springs, attended the funeral of Mrs. James Attryde on December 10th. Mrs. Fredericks and Mrs. Bateman are daughters of the late Mrs. Attryde.

Rathbone Lodge, No. 14, Knights of Pythias, will celebrate the 27th anniversary of the lodge with a grand ball at the opera house on December 31st.

Winton

A CHAPTER of the Joseph A. Holmes Safety Association was organized at Winton, December 4, 1925, with thirty members. The following officers were elected: President, Joe Liddell; Vice President, Jed Orme; Secretary and Treasurer, L. Whitworth; Safety Director and Educational Director, Archie Auld; Entertainment Committee, Allen Kenyon, B. J. Randall, W. Baucum, John Besso, John Comer.

Mrs. P. A. Courtney, whose leadership the Winton Girl Scouts are sorry to lose.

Our new floor at the Amusement Hall is certainly a good drawing card for the dances. This has been proven by the unusually large crowds which have attended the various dances at Winton the past three or four weeks.

At the regular meeting in December of the Community Council it voted to buy an encyclopedia for the school. It also decided to give a dance for the Girl Scouts sometime in January.

The Thanksgiving program given by the school children of the various grades Wednesday evening, November 25th, was well attended by the patrons of the school and was greatly enjoyed. Much credit is due the teachers for the successful entertainment. The fund raised is being used to buy new library books for the school.

The Girl Scouts regretted very much having to lose their Captain, Mrs. P. A. Courtney.

The Parent-Teacher's Association has purchased another drinking fountain and two more bookcases for the school.

Mrs. Mary Clark, librarian at the Carnegie Library in Rock Springs, donated a large number of her own books to the school library here this month. The teachers and pupils are very grateful for these.

Mrs. Bob Jolly and Mrs. Jno. Henderson raised a fund of one hundred dollars for the Red Cross.

Mr. and Mrs. William Russell were Pareo visitors during the month.

Mrs. Ole Odee has been very ill with rheumatism for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Rastall are the proud parents of a baby daughter born November 17th.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Mason were visitors at Lava Hot Springs this month.

The contests at the picture show each Thursday night have become very popular and draw large crowds. The "Kiddie Kar" was won by Wade Horn, a sled by Karl Perko and a sled by Robert Didier.

Euniee Baxter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Baxter of Winton, who has appeared on the eommunity programs as a solo dancer.

The five months old baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Louie Lemieh died November 21st.

Mrs. Annie Thomas of Roundup, Montana, is spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. Wm. Russell.

Superior

The Rebekah Lodge gave a card party and box social recently. Miss Doris Robinson and Mr. Green won first prizes. Miss Mary Matthews and Mr. Ellis second. Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Baxter consolation. Boxes sold for $1.00 each, the proceeds to go to the Community Council for the children's Christmas tree.

Mrs. Joseph Wallace of Ogden, Utah, was visiting her daughters, Mrs. Green and Mrs. Harris, recently.

Mrs. McIntosh and Mrs. Matthews made a visit to the Woman's Club of Reliance.

At this year's High School Carnival Katie Moser was voted Queen of the Kabibonokka.

The Community Council held a business meeting on Monday evening, December 7. Committees were appointed and final arrangements were discussed for the Christmas programs.

Mrs. Farrell entertained the "500' Card Club on November 23rd. The prize winners were Mrs. A. Hood, Mrs. Mettam and Mrs. Abie Powell.

Mrs. Matthews attended the funeral of the Collin's children at Hanna.

Mr. and Mrs. Blackham of Rock Springs were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morgan during November.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Butler of Grand Junction, Colorado, were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joe Moser recently.

. Abie Powell has been transferred to Rock Springs. The men in "C" Mine presented Mr. and Mrs. Powell with two lovely rockers. The people of Superior express regret at having the Powells move away, but wish them the best of success.

Mrs. Wylam, Mrs. Sayer and Mrs. Smith entertained the "500" Club November 21st at Mrs. Wylam's home.

The Eleventh Grade gave a surprise party for their sponsor, Miss Florence Thull. The party was held at the High School. Games and refreshments lasted until 12 o'clock.

Mrs. Morris Ellis has returned from Idaho.

Master Graham Hood entertained his small friends at a birthday partly lately. Games and a dandy lunch were enjoyed.

George Gerard of Pocatello, Idaho, spent Thanksgiving with his family.

The Old Timers' Dancing Club gave a dance on Thanksgiving evening. Everybody reported a good time.

Zella Mary McIntosh entertained her small friends at a birthday party on November 25th. Games and a fine lunch were enjoyed.

Katherine Moore, who is attending school in Salt Lake City, spent Thanksgiving with her folks in Superior.

Miss Mary Asiala entertained at a Thanksgiving dinner. Miss Mary Drebick was one of the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burt of Denver, Mrs. Louis Genetti, Mrs. C. G. Scott and daughter and Pete Olivia were Thanksgiving guests of Mrs. J. D. Scott.

R. Robinson was in Cheyenne recently receiving treatment for an infected eye.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Butler left for Florida recently. Mrs. Moser accompanied them.

Mrs. Joseph Wallace and Miss Nona Wallace made a trip to Ogden for Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Shedden, County Superintendent of Schools, visited Superior recently.

Master Jackie Yedinak also had a birthday party recently.

The Superior Guild met at Mrs. Holt's home with Mrs. Holt and Mrs. Jefferson as hostesses. It was decided to make Christmas bags for the Community Christmas tree. At the close of the meeting a fine lunch was served.

Dr. R. Sanders returned from a trip to Salt Lake City December 6th.

Mrs. N. Conzatti has been quite ill the last few weeks.

The School operetta "The Forest Court," was a success. It was held at the Opera House.

Mrs. McIntosh has recovered from a recent illness.

Tono

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Johnson are the proud parents of a six pound baby girl, born December 9th.

Miss Eugenia Brooks and Mrs. Richard Ober were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Isaascon.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Friend motored to Seattle recently. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Martina and Mrs. Alex Turnbull.

Mrs. Chas. Dahlstrom motored to Portland recently.

Miss Marion Maplethorp spent a recent week end in Portland as a guest of her brother.

Mr. C. H. Barton was called away by the serious illness of his sister. Mrs. John Porich substituted as ninth grade teacher in his absence.

Mrs. Frank Tambyln who has been confined to her bed with quinsey is now able to be about.

A number of the high school children have been ill with colds, contracted in the school truck. A heating system is being installed which will be greatly appreciated by them.

Mr. C. V. Rankin was a recent business visitor at Portland.

Mr. P. J. Olsen was a recent week end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Murray.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Zimmerman of Tacoma were guests recently of Mr. and Mrs. John Isaacson. The Zimmerman's are former residents of Tono.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Wright of Centralia have issued invitations to their 20th wedding anniversary. Those in Tono to receive cards are Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Friend, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. John Isaacson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Brierly, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dahlstrom, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Martina and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Haun.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Murray and daughter Jean, and Mr. P. J. Olsen were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Schuck.

Tommy Holmes was host to a number of his young friends at a birthday party recently.

Mrs. James Corcoran entertained at afternoon tea and cards during December. Those present were Mesdames Geo. Paul, Wm. Forsyth, Joe Mossop, Steve Androska, Jim Shelton, Bert Holmes, C. V. Rankin, Gilfillan and Bob Murray.

Mr. Geo. Forsythe gave a Musicale for the benefit of his student orchestra. A good percentage of the proceeds was turned over to the school.

The Community Club held its Annual Bazaar on the 2nd of December. An outstanding feature of the event was a gipsy fortune teller who did some clever card reading. The proceeds of the bazaar will go to swell the club treasury.

Mrs. Fred Planetta entertained the Merry Wives Club with a Christmas party. Each member contributed to the evenings enterainment with a song, dance or recitation. Mrs. Bert Holmes played Santa Claus and was greeted with enthusiasm as she passed about the club gifts.

Mrs. Fred Ring gave a dinner party to announce the engagement of her daughter Irene to Mr. Henry Cowell. No date has been set for the wedding because of the serious illness of Mr. Cowell's father.

To celebrate her fiftieth birthday, Mrs. Chas. Friend entertained a number of ladies at luncheon.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Black, late of Rock Springs, now located in Portland, Oregon, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dawell the first week of December, having a very enjoyable stay and motoring to Tacoma on Sunday, December 6.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Black were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Dowell of Centralia, Washington, on December 1.

Telephone 169

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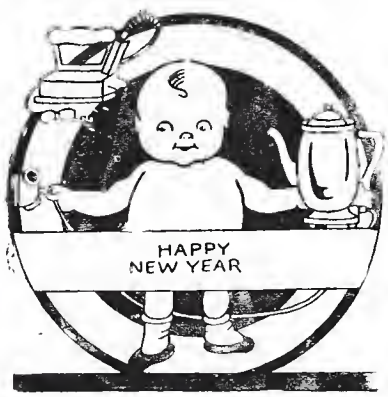

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